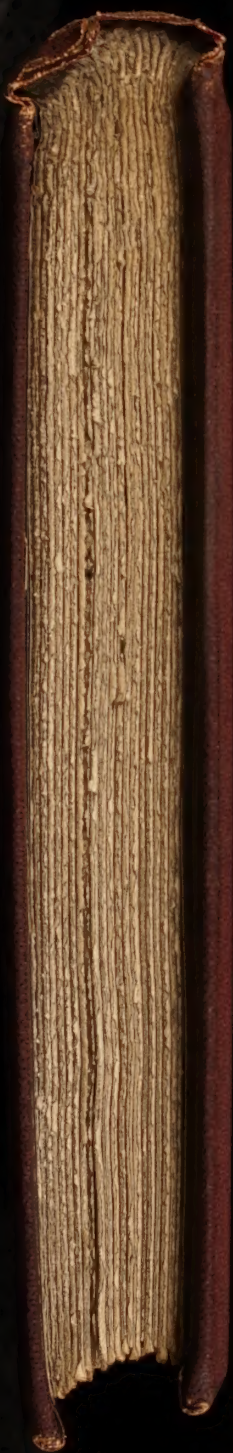


DON
QUIXOTE
HIS
CRITICS
AND
COMMENTATORS

A. J.
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DON QUIXOTE

HIS CRITICS AND COMMENTATORS

**THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT, DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.** Composed by MIGUEL DE
CERVANTES SAAVEDRA. A New Translation from
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Mr. Selge Bennett
with the kindest regards of the
DON QUIXOTE *writer*
July 18. 1881
HIS CRITICS AND COMMENTATORS 7

WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE
MINOR WORKS OF MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,
AND A STATEMENT OF THE AIM AND END
OF THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL

A HANDY BOOK FOR GENERAL READERS

BY

A. J. DUFFIELD

AUTHOR OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF "THE INGENIOUS HIDALGO,
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA," ETC., ETC.

LONDON

C. KEGAN PAUL & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1881

“YO VEO EN MI, QUECON SER UN ANIMAL, COMO SOY, À QUATRO RAZONES QUE DIGO ME ACUDEN PALABRAS A LA LENGUA, COMO MOSQUITOS AL VINO, Y TODAS MALICIOSAS, Y MURMURANTES. POR LO QUAL VUELVO A DEZIR, QUE EL HAZER, Y DEZIR MAL, LO HEREDAMOS DE NUESTROS PRIMEROS PADRES, Y LO MAMAMOS EN LA LECHE.”

Los Perros de Mahudes.

DON QUIXOTE:

HIS CRITICS AND COMMENTATORS.

THE story of Cervantes and the works he wrote has been often told, but, like the well-remembered music which changes to our moods, it is ever welcome, not only for the charm which it brings, but for the unalloyed pleasure it leaves behind. A century of criticism has thrown great light on the *Don Quixote*, which may induce us to read the old work again, if only to enjoy the new zest that has been given to it. We may not hope to catch the bounding enthusiasm with which it was received on its first appearance two hundred and seventy-six years ago; but we need never forget that it was to ourselves the Spaniards of a later time owe the affection they now profess to give to it, and perhaps also the exaggerated admiration with which some of them regard a work that has become one of the universal favourites of the world. Having inherited the right to maintain the influence which *Don Quixote* has acquired among readers of all lands, we

may not lightly disregard the obligation which rests upon us to extend that influence, by making known the spirit of the book to such as have but little regard for its letter, and by the help of fresh light to diffuse still more the gracious and genial sway it has acquired over the minds of those who read, not only that they may be amused, but also that they may be shined upon by Hyperion's quickening fire.

The first and foremost of all the commentators on *Don Quixote* was the Rev. John Bowle,* whose annotations and indexes, together with a careful revision of the original text, were published, in six quarto volumes, exactly a century ago. Although it is a work of great learning, and cost its author a continuous labour of fourteen years, yet only scanty justice has been given to it by his own countrymen. Its chief merit is that it conducts to the sources of Cervantes' knowledge, and opens out before us, as on a map, the whole land of chivalry, over which our illustrious romancer travelled with the same eagerness and relish as he made his own hero to travel through La Mancha and Castile. There are cited more than a thousand passages from the pages of the books whose influence

* The Bowle family were settled at Idminton, in Wiltshire, for a period of two hundred years. Our annotator was vicar of the place, and died there in 1788. He went by the name of DON BOWLE amongst his friends, from his great knowledge of Spanish literature. There is a short biographical notice of him, together with a well-engraved portrait and full pedigree, in Sir R. C. Hoare's *Modern Wilts*, vol. v. p. 62.

it was one of the purposes of Cervantes to destroy in the world. Numerous parallel passages are likewise quoted from the minor works of our author, and the authorities are given for the use of quaint old words, proverbs, sayings, songs, snatches of old rhymes, ballads, and citations from ancient classical authors and the sacred Scriptures. The use of such a work is at once apparent, if it be only in preserving the exact meaning of words, customs, or allusions as these were understood at the time *Don Quixote* was written. As an example, let us say that Bowle has fixed no less than forty of these allusions, words, and customs as they occur in one single chapter, the eighteenth, which I select in particular because reference will have to be made to it later on. Besides the citations of Spanish authors, Bowle verifies for us passages from Homer, Livy, Virgil, Tacitus, Juvenal, Pliny, Martial, Pulci, Ariosto, Boiardo, and Camoens; and these, with singular accuracy, are all pointed out as being, from the nature of the case, authors with whose works Cervantes must have been well acquainted before he began to write.

So great was Bowle's knowledge of the books from which Cervantes constantly quotes in the *Don Quixote*, that he has detected numberless lines, words, and phrases that should have appeared between inverted commas, and probably would so have appeared when they were first written, had not Cervantes had a great sense of weariness in doing purely mechanical work,

and had he not known that his readers were perfectly well aware to what or to whom he was making allusion. There is not a single passage placed between quotation marks in any original copy that I am acquainted with of the *Don Quixote*, and yet their number is incredibly great, while those which are pointed out to us by Bowle cover nearly three hundred pages of his *Anotaciones*. This single statement speaks volumes for the utility of Bowle's work, while at the same time it will serve to convince many readers of the difficulties to be overcome in understanding aright our great romance.

But Bowle does not content himself with giving chapter and verse for this and that quotation; he frequently throws the light of his great knowledge on what otherwise would be hard and dark sayings, and makes us perceive their drift and meaning as quickly as opening the shutters will let in the sun. Such an instance occurs in Chapter VIII., where the choleric Biscayan exclaims, "Now shalt thou see, said Agrages;" on which Bowle explains that Agrages was one of the most famous of knights, who always had those words, "Now shalt thou see," on his lips. See *Amadis*, lib. i. cap. 8, and lib. iv. cap. 3. It was also a form of threat among the common people, much used in the days of Cervantes and Quevedo. See the *Sleep of Death* by the latter, tom. i. p. 220-224; tom. ii. p. 25. It would fill a volume as large as the present to give all the illustrations of this kind. Another quality in

these annotations must be pointed out. We find more than one incident in our romance that some people wish could have been omitted. But there is not one of these that is not suggested by some book of chivalry, and not one is given except to bring the book into contempt from which the reference is taken. Such an incident is that of Maritornes the Asturian, which is introduced to us in words so simple that no one could possibly suppose that they contained the slightest meaning worth knowing, and yet they are brimful of the most delightful satire. "Blessed a thousand times be the author of *Tablante de Ricamonte*, and he of the other book. . . . With what minuteness do they recount everything." If the reader will take the trouble to turn to the twenty-fifth chapter of the *Amadis*, to learn what was the character of Branducta, he will see that the exclamation of Cervantes really means not blessing, but the reverse.

In a work of such magnitude it is natural to expect many errors, and blunders deserving even a more harsh epithet. The temptations to call in question, to criticize, and condemn are not few; for Cervantes was careless, and his printers slovenly in the extreme; he also wrote what may be called a shocking bad hand, while at the same time it is certain that the *Don Quixote* went through the press without the generous help and watchful care of an official "reader," and the errors of the press are therefore very numerous. So loving, however, is Bowle, and so reverent, that he

makes only one alteration in the text that is of any importance, and never ventures on a remark or a suggestion that could be deemed impertinent. This one instance is in Chapter VIII., where one of the frightened friars sticks his knees into the ribs of his good mule—a very natural thing, which Bowle succeeds in making him do by changing the letter *a* into an *o*. Cervantes had compared the mule of the ecclesiastic to a *castillo*, or castle; for these comfortable priests always travelled on the biggest of mules. Bowle, who had never been in Spain and seen things for himself, altered the word into *costillo*, a rib. It is one of those good offices that are always intended for the best, and which generally turn out to be the very opposite. I have referred to it simply because it is the only error that I have found in the whole of Bowle's work; and how much that speaks for the care he bestowed upon it I need not stay to specify more particularly.

As an example of the curious knowledge which Bowle possessed, and his readiness in the use of it, take the following. In the twentieth chapter of the First Part we read: "What then shall we say of Gasabal, squire of Don Galaor, who was so reserved that, to illustrate the excellence of his marvellous silence, only once is his name named in all that history so great and true?" Bowle's note is as follows:—"The passage where this occurs is in lib. ii. cap. 52, fol. 116: Galaor saw in the place of the two little maidens Gasabal, his squire, and Ardian the dwarf of Amadis. He is mentioned on

two other occasions, but not by name." It is not easy to divide between author and commentator in such a case. But one cannot help giving equal admiration to the accuracy of the historian of Don Quixote and the commentator who was able to verify it. The reader will not fail to ponder on the reason given by Don Quixote to Sancho why Gasabal's name was only once mentioned in the *Amadis*; it is a glimmer of the twilight of the madman's mind as Coleridge depicted it.

Although Bowle's work has been but lightly esteemed by his own countrymen, chiefly through ignorance, he has received from Spain abundance of uttered as well as unexpressed gratitude; indeed, it is only in that country that his labours could be properly appreciated, and it is only there that his name is kept in perpetual remembrance: nor is it too much to say that but for Bowle no other commentary could have appeared in Spain, if we except that of Pellicer; it was the spring and source of all the rest.

One of the learned Spaniards who most sympathized with Bowle in his prolonged and arduous undertaking was the Benedictine monk, Fray Martin Sarmiento, whose work on Cervantes remains in manuscript to this day, and therefore only a passing word need be given to it. Sarmiento, it is worth reiterating, was the first to discover, after much fierce and prolonged debate had taken place on the subject, the actual birthplace of Cervantes, and he made known his dis-

covery in the following simple words, as I translate them:—

“In the year of our Lord 1752, among other books which I then purchased was the *History of Algiers* by Padre Haedo. On my first opening the book I chanced upon page 185, which treats of the ‘Dialogue of Martyrs,’ where occurs the famous context that declares that Miguel de Cervantes, *un hidalgo principal*, was an illustrious nobleman of Alcalá de Henares. Having thus fell in with the knowledge of the real birthplace of Cervantes, I communicated it to Francisco Manuel de Mena, who often came to my cell.”

Thereupon Sarmiento, in order to make assurance double sure, began to search for the certificate of baptism, which was ultimately found, and sets forth that the child Miguel de Cervantes was baptized on the 9th of October, 1547, and we may assume that he was born on the same day, or the day preceding. The professional and habitual dogmatism which marks the observations of Sarmiento may be one reason why his elaborate researches and criticisms have not been given to the world. One example of his style will suffice. He says—

“It importeth much that those who speak know what they are about to say, that those who read understand what they read, and that those who write know what they are writing about. The expressions to be found in the *Don Quixote* which are little or not at all understood, are infinite, and it is an error

to suppose that because the *Don Quixote* is found in every one's hand, that it is for everybody to read. They are very few indeed who possess the requisite means for understanding Cervantes; for to do so it is before all things necessary to read that which Cervantes gave himself so much trouble to read in order to write his *Don Quixote*. . . . His purpose was to ridicule the books of chivalry, but this he could not do with any propriety or grace, if he had not made himself acquainted with their contents. Thus he uses the proper names they contain, as well as their knightly phrases; he frequently adopts their style, and even avails himself of their verbal expressions, more especially those which may be found in the first four books of the *Amadis of Gaul*. And as these books, and those which in course of time sprang from them, are now very rare, and very few people have read them, there must be very few, therefore, who can read the *Don Quixote* with all the spirit that Cervantes threw into it. For this reason it will be well that some learned person should dedicate himself to the task of commentating on the *History of Don Quixote*. Some, no doubt, will say that a *Don Quixote* with notes and comments is a ridiculous thing, but I say that it is still more ridiculous for any one to read and not understand what he reads."—*Letter from Sarmiento to Bowle*.

Such dogmatism in a private letter, even from a learned Spanish priest to a self-taught English

heretical churchman, is easy to tolerate; but publishers, who stand between such writers and the general reading world, take good care not to carry such heavy goods to market, and although what Sarmiento says is true to a certain extent, yet it is not all the truth, and it applies chiefly to the First Part.

And yet not altogether to that; whilst it can scarcely be said to apply at all to the Second Part, written ten years later, which is full, not of the masterly imitations of the books of chivalry, but rather of Cervantes himself. Indeed, the Second Part is so natural in style, so fresh in feeling, and so full of Spanish common life, that we should be inclined to recommend all who have not yet made the acquaintance of *Don Quixote* to read the Second Part first. Here there is nothing hard to be understood; nor is the reader perplexed by obscure passages, quoted at length from books that are now forgotten, and the purpose of which is not immediately apparent; while, at the same time, something of our great author's method will be easily learnt, his vein of satire recognized, and unbounded confidence will not fail of being established between him who writes and him who reads. It is obviously of great moment to the reader of the First Part to know something of the land of chivalry, its climate, its heroes, its way of life and doctrine; but it is not absolutely necessary to read *Amadis*, whether of Greece or Gaul, *Lisuarte*, or *Olivo*, *Primaleon*, *Belianis*, or *Tirante*, or the hundreds of

other books which are only the spawn of these, in order to enjoy the delightful humour which makes the Knight of the Windmills ridiculous for his eloquent defence of chivalry, or Sancho, who is much more worthy of ridicule, for the ready belief he gives to all that is told him of what chivalry had done for the world.

No special knowledge, of course, is needed to enter into the mirth that is evoked by the knighting of Don Quixote at the wayside inn; the knavery of its landlord; the deliverance of Andres from the bonds and stripes of his cruel master, together with the untoward results that followed that arrogant interference; while the singular beauty and discretion of Dorothea appeal to every mind. The picture of Cardenio's madness is simple and dramatic. The villainous ingratitude of the galley-slaves; the tender and touching episode of the childlike love of Clara, and the manly tolerance of the Canon of Toledo in his discourse on literature with the priest of the village; the compassion for human woe, and the exalted eloquence and earnestness of the author, when he must needs speak for himself—are not conveyed in parables or an unknown tongue. All this, and more, is to be enjoyed without the aid of a commentator; and if, moreover, we add the full-length portrait of Sancho Panza, which is as original as it is unique in the whole range of fiction, there need be little wonder why Fray Sarmiento's learned strictures have not even yet been sent to press.

But it is quite true that to know and enjoy completely the greatness of the work of Cervantes, to observe the mastery of his genius, and watch the process by which the current literature of his generation was reduced to tinder at the touch of his breath, it is, without doubt, as necessary to become acquainted with the chief of the chivalry books, as it is to know much of the English Bible before any reader can fully comprehend the meaning of the *Pilgrim's Progress* of John Bunyan.

Nor, for that matter, is it sufficient merely to be familiar with Amadis and Oriana in order to appreciate the loves of Dulcinea and Don Quixote; other books of a very different kind in Spanish literature must also be pondered. The character of Sancho Panza, for example, is founded on the peculiar credulity, mingled with the low earthly ambition of the Spanish vulgar mind, so characteristic of the period when Cervantes wrote; and to know with what eagerness men then longed to be made governors of insulas, where there was nothing to do and plenty to eat, provided the payment was good, the government absolute, and in some foreign land, where the worship of the Virgin had not yet been set up, and pure Castilian not spoken—to know how widespread this longing desire was throughout the Peninsula, will be to enhance the enjoyment of being introduced as early as possible to him who ultimately became the Governor of Baratania, the only island ever known to exist on the mainland.

In a word, the greater and more intimate our local knowledge of Spain is of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the more keen will be our relish of that which unquestionably remains to this day the best, whilst it is also the conscious and designed, satire of those times; and not only of the times, but of many well-known personages also, who played leading parts in the government of the colonies, in the army and the Church, in foreign affairs, in literature, and law.

It is a common opinion that our own modern novel is unique as an engine of reform, and that English writers were the first to use fiction as the handmaid of social improvement. It is true that by means of the modern novel we have swept away more abuses than need now be named particularly. We have had more sermons preached to us in novels than were ever preached in pulpits. The teaching by parables has been restored to its ancient and pleasant uses, and men of all classes and conditions, as well as many famous women, have used story-telling for the best—and, alas! in some cases, perhaps, for the worst—of purposes.

But it was Cervantes, even more than Rabelais, who led the way in the use of this means of moral, social, political, and religious reformation. No novel, whether French or English, can be named that is so full of sly hits and asides, genial satire and tolerant scorn, aimed at the open follies and secret vices of the times, as the *Don Quixote*. Hundreds of the allusions are, of course, now lost. Numbers of public characters

who merited the wrath of the satirist have passed from the stage, or gone out now, to use Carlyle's figure,* like an ineffectual aurora borealis, and much also remains to be done in careful sifting, before some of the hidden wit of the genial novelist can be fully appreciated; but to all who are fond of study, and a pastime which need never fail, there is none so full of promise as that which brings to light the spiritual meaning of one who was certainly the most courageous man of his day, and who added to his courage a wisdom and a form of humour that remain for ever the wisdom and humour of Cervantes alone.

As a sample of his preaching take the following:—

“Hold it as happy fortune that thou hast quitted the court with the good intent thou bearest: for there is not in all the earth a thing more honourable, nor of more profit, than first to serve God, and next thy king and natural lord, especially in the profession of arms, by the which, if not more riches, at least more honour is reaped than by letters, as I have said many times. For although letters have founded more families than arms, yet for all there is a something, I know not what, in arms which raises them above letters, and a certain something of splendour is found in them which is superior to aught else; and this which I am about to say bear well in mind, for it will be of much profit to thee, and alleviate thy toils. It is this:

“Chase from thy imagination the ills which may

* Essay on Sir Walter Scott.

happen to thee; for the worst of all is death, and if that be good, the best of all is to die. Julius Cæsar, that valorous Roman emperor, on being asked which was the best death, answered, 'The unexpected, the sudden, and the unforeseen;' and although he answered like a Gentile, and as not having knowledge of the true God, for all that he answered well, and from a purely human feeling. For let the case be that thou art slain in the first engagement or skirmish, or by the first shot from the artillery, or by the bursting of a mine, what doth it matter? All is but dying, and there an end; and, according to Terence, 'Better seems the soldier dead in battle than sound and safe by flight,' and so much the greater fame is achieved by the good soldier by how much the more he obeys his captains and those who command him. And note well, lad, that it is better that the soldier smell of powder than of civet; and if old age shall overtake thee in this most honourable profession, albeit thou art full of wounds, maimed, and lamed, at least it shall not overtake thee without honour, and such honour as poverty shall not minish: how much more now that order hath been given to entertain and cherish the soldiers who are old and maimed? For it is not well that it be done with them as is done in emancipating and giving liberty to negroes, who when they become old and are unable to serve are cast out of home under the title of free, and made the slaves of hunger, from which nothing frees them but death. For the present

I say no more to thee, except that thou mount the haunches of this my horse as far as the inn, where thou shalt sup with me; and on the morrow shalt thou continue thy way, which God prosper as thy desires shall deserve."

Or again:

"Don Quixote called out in a loud voice, 'Hold, sirs, hold! It becomes ye not to take revenge for the wrongs wrought by love. And note well that love and war are one and the same thing; and as in war it is lawful and customary to use artifice and stratagem to overthrow an enemy, so in the conflicts and strife of love, an artful tale or a ravelled scheme are held for good if they help to gain the desired end; provided they be neither to the prejudice nor dishonour of the thing beloved. Quiteria was fated to Basilio, and Basilio to Quiteria, by the just and favourable disposition of the heavens. Camacho is rich, and can buy to his liking when, where, and how it may please him. Basilio hath no more than this ewe, and it is for no one to take it from him, however powerful he may be; for the two which God hath joined together let not man put asunder, and he who attempts it must first pass the point of this lance;' and with that he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, that he struck terror into all those who did not know him."

Basilio explains to Don Quixote in Chapter XXII. Part II., that he had made known part of his purpose

to some of his friends, that they might favour his intent at the right time and support his deceit. On which we have some sermonizing:—

“‘Those things cannot and ought not to be called deceits,’ said Don Quixote, ‘which are done to a virtuous end;’ and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of ends; warning them that the greatest enemy which love had was hunger and continual need. For love is all mirth, merriment, and gladness, and more when the lover is in possession of the thing beloved, against which necessity and poverty are open and declared enemies.

“All this he said with intent to persuade Master Basilio to relinquish the games in which he excelled, for although they got him fame, yet they procured not money; and that he should give himself to the winning of a provision by lawful means and industry, which never fail the prudent and thrifty. The poor, honest man (if the poor can be honest) hath a jewel in having a fair woman, of whom to be deprived is to be deprived of honour, and as it were slays it. The beautiful woman and honest, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty of itself allures the hearts of all who behold and see it, as the savoury lure brings down the royal eagles and the high-soaring birds. But if such beauty be coupled with need and straitness, it is assaulted as well by ravens, kites, and other birds of rapine; and she who stands firm against

all such assailants may well be called her husband's crown.

“‘Observe, discreet Basilio,’ added Don Quixote, ‘it was the opinion of I know not what wise man, that there was but one only true woman in the world; and he gave it as his counsel that each one should think and believe that that one was his own, and so should he live happy. I am not married, nor hath the thought come to me of being so; and yet, for all, I would venture to give counsel to any who might seek it of me, of the way he should go in search of a woman with whom he desires to marry. The foremost thing I would advise him to would be to look more to her fame than her fortune. For the excellent woman acquireth not good fame by merely being good, but by good seeming; for the honours of women are much more hurt by graceless gestures and liberties done openly, than by secret wantonness. If thou bring a good wife home, it will be easy to keep her, and even to better her, in that goodness; but if thou bring an evil one, it shall cost thee much labour to mend her, for it is not easy to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say it is impossible, but I hold it to be very difficult.’

“Sancho listened to all this, and said to himself, ‘This my master used to say, when I spoke things of marrow and fatness, that I might take in hand a pulpit, and betake me through this world for the time to come, preaching fine things; but I say of him

that when he begins to thread maxims and give counsels, he is not only able to take a pulpit in his hands, but two on every finger, and go crying in these market-places and saying what he likes. The devil take thee for a knight-errant which knows everything! I thought in my soul that he could only know what belonged to his chivalries, but there is nothing on which he does not prick himself, and in which he does not dip his spoon.”

While on the subject of marriage we may quote more words of wisdom :—

“Love and affection easily blind the eyes of the mind, which are needful to choose an estate in life; and in that of marriage the danger of erring is very great, and great care and the favour of Heaven are necessary to insure success. If one would make a long voyage, and it be prudent before beginning the journey to search for some sure and peaceable companion, why should not the same be done by those who have to make the journey of life till the resting-place of death be reached, especially if the companion is to keep him company in bed, at board, and in all places, as the wife with her husband? Your wife is not a commodity which, once bought, you can return, or chaffer and change, but is an essential property, which is to last as long as life itself shall last. She is a lasso which, once thrown about the neck, becomes a Gordian knot, which, if the scythe of death cut not asunder, cannot be untied.”

An example of quite another kind may now be given from the First Part, Chapter XVIII. Here we have unexampled eloquence given with an art which at the same time holds within it so much satire, that no passage from any humorous writer can be cited to match it.

Sancho's faith in his master's magnificent promises, it will be remembered, had been grievously tried. He had tasted the miraculous balsam of Fierabras, which apparently had wrought the cure of his lord, but which, to his seeming, had brought himself to the brink of death. He had been tossed in a bed-quilt; he had lost his wallets, which contained all that he cared for in the world, and he saw nothing before him but a future of dull, monotonous poverty, sharpened with disappointment and pain, and the scorn of his neighbours. Then it is that the rhetoric of his master, like an enchanter's wand, restores the sun to the heavens, and in the twinkling of an eye turns a black night into a bright noon.

“‘This is the day, O Sancho, wherein shall be manifested the good which my star has reserved for me. This is the day, I say, on which the valour of mine arm shall be displayed as much as on any other, and on it I have to do deeds that shall remain inscribed in the book of fame for all the ages to come. Seest thou that cloud of dust which rises yonder, Sancho? Well, it is the mustering of an immense army of divers and innumerable nations which comes marching there.”

“‘By that token there should be two,’ said Sancho, ‘for on this side also there is just such another cloud of dust.’

“Don Quixote turned to look, and, seeing that this was true, rejoiced beyond measure, imagining of a surety that these were two armies, which came to attack one another and encounter in the midst of that spacious plain; for every hour and moment his fancy were full of those battles, enchantments, adventures, extravagancies, amours, challenges, which are related in the books of chivalry, and all that he spoke, thought, or did tended to such-like things. As for the cloud which he saw, it was raised by two large flocks of sheep, which were coming along that same road from two different quarters, and which, by reason of the dust, could not be discerned until they were close at hand. With so much vehemence did Don Quixote affirm them to be armies, that Sancho came to believe,” etc.

Now, if we do not allow ourselves to be carried away as Sancho was, but calmly stand still and watch the flowing tide that carries the squire off his feet, we shall observe with what skill the artist works out his immediate purpose, as well as the means he uses to secure other and subordinate ends. The principal object is, of course, to reduce Sancho to a state of unquestioning belief, and the manner in which this is done cannot fail to command admiration; but it so happens that this magnificent and apparently extem-

poraneous preachment which carries Sancho's reason captive, is an exact imitation of the mode by which the national army of Spain was made to exist in the time of Philip III., for it existed only in the brain of those whose interest consisted in having it generally believed to be great and well found. Many and ample were the fortunes made out of clothing, feeding, and housing this paper army; many were the achievements in social life, local as well as metropolitan, of men whose magnificence was confined to the clothes they wore, whose courage lay in persuasive eloquence, and the foundation of whose lofty fortunes was nothing else but an opportunity for helping themselves out of the national purse.

“‘Sir, what then are we to do?’” said Sancho.

“‘What should we do,” replied Don Quixote, “but favour and aid the weak and distressed? And thou must know, Sancho, that this which comes on our front is commanded and led by the mighty emperor Alifanfaron, lord of the great island of Trapobana. This other, which is marching behind us, is the army of his foe, the King of the Garamantas, Pentapolin of the uplifted arm, because he always enters battle with his right arm bare.”

It will surprise only the unlessoned readers of the *Don Quixote* to be told that all these names are the coinage of Cervantes; that they contain pointed allusions to certain men and things as well known in their day as Barnum and shoddy are in this; they

glance at the vices of sloth and idle ostentation which disgraced the Court of Philip III.; they repeat in jest what had before been spoken in moving earnestness, but which were treated as the idle wind by Philip II., to whom they were addressed—words which called upon the son of Charles the Great to emulate his father's courage, and come to the rescue of his enslaved Christian subjects.* For at that time there

* It is perhaps too severe a charge to bring against Philip II., to say that he disregarded the petitions of Cervantes; for, although they are still in existence, it is not certain that they were ever brought before Philip's notice. The following is translated from the rhyming letter of Cervantes, while he was yet a captive in Algiers, which he addressed in 1579 to Mateo Vasquez, one of Philip's private secretaries:—

When I arrived in chains and saw the place
So noted in the world, whose teeming breast
Hath nursed the fierce swarms of a pirate race,
My bitter lamentations found no rest,
And, ere I knew the tears coursed at their ease
Adown my haggard cheeks, and unrepressed.
My straining eyes were fixed upon the seas,
The strand, and hill whereon our Charles the Great
Unfurled his royal banner to the breeze;
I saw the main, which, envious of his state
And martial glory, rose in fierce array,
And foamed and raged with unexampled hate.
And as I mused, and memory cast its ray
Upon the scene, my tears seemed charged with fire
And shame at thought of that disastrous day.
But if high Heaven should not with Fate conspire
To heap still greater sorrows on my head,
And Death should not despoil me in his ire;
And should in happier days my steps be led
To royal Philip's throne, and by your aid
I find me kneeling in that presence dread;

were more than twenty thousand "weak and distressed" Spaniards languishing in the accursed bagnios of Algiers—many of illustrious birth, and among them

Then do I hope to speak, nor feel afraid,
 Though haply with a stammering, faltering tongue,
 Yet not with lies nor flattery arrayed,
 And thus entreat: 'Most mighty Sire, whose strong
 And powerful arm doth hold in subject sway
 Of nations barbarous a countless throng;
 To whom the swarthy Indians homage pay,
 Dragging their gold from out its rocky nest,
 Their wealth of tribute at thy feet to lay;
 Let the proud daring of that pirate pest,
 Who braves thy potency to this very hour,
 Rouse noble wrath within thy royal breast.
 The folk be many, though but scant their power;
 Naked, ill-armed, for them no refuge lies
 Behind the armèd mole or battled tower;
 We all across the main with straining eyes
 Watch for thy fleet, if haply it be nigh,
 With timely succour for the lives we prize.
 Thou hast the keys, within thy hand they lie,
 To unlock the prison, dismal and profound,
 Where twenty thousand Christians pine and die.

* * * * *
 Most potent Sire, they beg thee of thy grace
 To turn, and that right soon, thy pitying eyes
 On theirs, whence tears do run in endless chase.

* * * * *
 Be thine the task, great king, with fitting art
 To end the work in which, with courage high,
 Thine honoured father took the foremost part;
 The rumours of thy coming, as they fly,
 Will strike the foe with awe, for well they know
 The hour of their perdition draweth nigh!
 Who doubts that through the royal breast will flow
 Sweet thoughts of pity, while he hears the sigh
 Of these poor wretches buried in their woe?

some of the best soldiers who had fought and bled in the wars of Charles and his son—all held as slaves in the hateful chains of the Moors, and for whose release Cervantes was again lifting up his voice. He could only do this in a certain way; it was needful to be crafty, and to insure success it was necessary to have recourse to guile.

“‘Well, why do these two princes bear each other so much ill will?’ asked Sancho.

“‘They bear ill will,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘because this Alifanfaron is a furious paynim, and is enamoured of the daughter of Pentapolin, who is a very beauteous and eke well-graced lady, and a Christian; and her father refuses to bestow her on the paynim king, unless he first renounce the faith of his false prophet Mahomet, and become converted to his own.’

“‘By my beard,’ quoth Sancho, ‘this Pentapolin does well, and I will help him as best I can.’

“‘In that thou wilt do thy duty, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘for to engage in such battles it is not necessary to be a knight.’”

Nothing excited the Spaniards of all classes of those times so much as a religious war. Only this could weld them together, and make north and south, east and west, blow one united, overpowering tempest-blast; for this the Spaniards of Cervantes’ time forsook father and mother, wife and children, houses and land; for this *hidalgo* and *paisano* alike were always ready; and there is no question that the old warrior

and hero of Lepanto is here warming his heart with that ever-constant hope which never forsook him in his darkest hour. His appeal to the Son of the Thunderbolt of War produced no sign; he would now appeal to the whole knightly chivalry of Spain. Was it worth while? We shall see.

“‘But give me thy attention,’” said Don Quixote. “‘I would describe unto thee the principal knights who are coming in these armies, and that thou mayest see and note them the better, let us retire to that hillock which is yonder, whence both the armies may be discerned.’”

“They did so, and placed themselves upon an eminence, from which they could very well see the two flocks which Don Quixote had turned into armies, if the clouds of dust which rose had not obscured and blinded their vision. But nevertheless, seeing in his imagination that *which was neither visible nor existing*, he began with uplifted voice to exclaim—

“‘That knight whom thou seest yonder in the yellow armour, who bears upon his shield a lion crowned, couching at the feet of a damsel, is the valorous Laurcalco, Lord of the Silver Bridge; the other in the armour with flowers and gold, who bears on his shield three crowns, argent, in an azure field, is the dreaded Micocolembó, Grand Duke of Quirócia. He with the giant limbs, who stands at his right hand, is the ever-fearless Brandabarbarán of Boliche, Lord of the three Arabys, who comes clothed in that serpent skin, and has for

a scutcheon a gate, which fame reports to be one of the temple which Samson demolished, when with his death he avenged himself of his enemies. But turn thine eyes to that other side, and thou shalt behold, before and in the front of that army, the everconquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, Prince of New Biscay, who comes armed in an armour quartered azure, vert, white, and yellow, and has on his shield a cat *d'or*, in a field tawny, with a motto which says "MEW," which is the beginning of his lady's name, who, according to report, is the peerless Mewlina, daughter of the Duke de Alfeñiquen of Algarve. The other, who burdens and bears down the loins of that powerful charger, who carries arms as white as snow, and a white shield, is a virgin knight of the French nation, whose name is Pierre Papin, lord of the baronies of Utrique. The third, who scourges with his iron heels the flanks of that nimble and painted zebra, and carries for arms three cups, azure, is the potent Duke de Nervia, Espartafilardo of the Wood, that bears for device on his shield a field sown with asparagus, with the motto in Castilian, which runs thus: "Follow my fortune."'"

This Duke de Nervia represents none other than the race of people who live on both sides of the Nervion—the wily, pious, penurious, oatmeal-eating, ever-grasping, and successful northman of the Guipuzcoas, the Basque, who is always following his fortune, even through the hardest and most loathsome tram-

mels, like an asparagus from out of its dunghill; the *esparto-filardo*, the mere common rush that is raised from the poorest soil and comes to be set among princes. There were no less than four Secretaries of War at the Court of Philip III. at the time Cervantes wrote, all Basques—all hard, selfish, cunning, profoundly religious, and enormously rich men, who had risen from nothing to ride on painted zebras and sit in the king's palace, to the disgust of old and experienced soldiers who lived in poverty and neglect. Laurcalco, or the artificial laurel, with his silver bridge, and a lion in a tin crown lying tame at the feet of Virtue, was a well-known character in the royal household; as was also the fortune-telling Micocolembó—ape in nature, man in strength and power—together with the ever-fearless bully, who made money by presiding over the buying of swords, Brandabarbarán; with others, which will excite the curiosity of all who are capable of reading through the lines of this chapter of the *Don Quixote*. The description, at the same time, is so admirable in its imitation of the *Amadis of Gaul* and some other books of chivalry, that only few people of that day, and those who were in the secret, could have supposed that beneath these high-sounding, yet familiar names, there lurked much scorn and derision for the Court of Spain, its extravagance, corruption, and imbecility.

At other times Cervantes spoke without recourse to literary aids. Some of his most daring utterances

were made in plain words, and it is a standing wonder to me how it was that this preacher of old doctrine in the new spirit which was then stirring the best part of the world, not only remained at large, but unnoticed by those who looked very sharp after reformers, lay preachers, and people who cultivated uncommon freedom of speech. In passing, it will be useful to quote here one or two instances of this daring which distinguished our novelist; they abound in the Second Part. Take the one from Chapter VIII.: "We cannot all be friars, and many are the ways by which God carries his own to heaven" (*Pero no todos podemos ser fráiles, y muchos son los caminos por donde lleva Dios á los suyos al cielo*). Such words must have had a strange ring in the ears of those whose nostrils were still filled with the flavour of roasted Jews and Lutherans who were but lately burnt in Seville and Saragossa. But they are the words of a man whom no man and no terror could daunt. Oddly enough the very same words are to be found in Chaucer, as may be seen in the opening of the *Person's Tale*. Take again the well-known passage in Chapter LVIII. Part II.:

"Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that Heaven hath bestowed upon man; the treasures which are hidden in the earth do not equal it, nor those which are covered up of the sea; for liberty, as for honour, we may, nay must, adventure life, and the greatest ill which can overtake a man is slavery, its contrary. I say this, Sancho, because thou hast well

seen the fine fare and abundance we had in that castle of which we now take our leave: yet, in the midst of those delicious banquets, and sweet draughts candied with ice, I seemed to feel all the pangs of hunger, for I enjoyed them not with the same liberty with which I should have enjoyed them had they been mine own; for the burden of benefits and gifts received are gyves which let and hinder the mind in its excellent freedom. Happy the man to whom Heaven hath given, if only a piece of bread, so he be under no obligation to any save Heaven itself."

This preaching of liberty must surely have sounded strange in some ears, and proved mighty distasteful to those who taught that poverty was a means of grace, and others who looked upon pauperism as the wicket gate kept by St. Peter.

And yet we are to be told that Cervantes did not know what he was talking about; much less did he give himself any trouble in matters of religious reform, or go out of his way to show his sympathy with those who were losing not only their liberty, but their lives, in battling for the cause of human freedom.

Once more, in the last chapter but one, when master and squire have at length arrived within sight of their village from their long and toilsome travel, Sancho takes the paper mitre of the Inquisition, together with its robe of damnation, covered with painted flames, and puts them for ornament on Dapple; our novelist adding the words, "This surely was the newest

transformation and adorning of an ass ever seen in the world." When read in their context, the mind of the excited reader does not stop to think of these daring flings at matters which other men would only venture to mention in the bosom of their homes or under their breaths, for fear of the dreadful officers of official holiness, who had a passionate delight in seeing sceptics and scoffers writhing in flames; nor was it until some years later that men, who no longer read the *Don Quixote* for the purpose of being warmed with its mirth, went to its pages to search for the hidden treasure which they came to know was laid up there.

Not infrequently does Cervantes play the part of a preacher in quite a novel way, not in writing weighty words on the virtues, but as a limner of vice peculiar to the rich and powerful of his time. For this a perusal of local history, if not absolutely necessary, is desirable. For example, the portrait of Don Fernando is not expressed in fancy, it is a faithful picture of the aristocratic youth of the period.

There are many instances in Spanish records of the goodly daughters of rich yeomen being violently despoiled of home and honour by godless young nobles, whose passions were always stronger than their promises, and whose honour grew pale when it was confronted with justice and duty; but we read of no case earlier than that mentioned in Chapter XXXVI. of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, where Don Fernando,

“because of the noble blood which ran in his veins,” becomes softened and overcome by the truth, which he could not deny even if he would.

Another allusion of a different kind may be cited from Chapter LII. of the same First Part:

“You who cover up your faces, perhaps because they are not worthy to be seen, listen to what I wish to tell you.” These words were thundered by Don Quixote in the ears of certain pious people, who, with masked faces, were carrying an image of the Glorious in a religious procession, the object of which was to supplicate Heaven to send rain; for it had been a season of great drought, and the vines were behind their time. If the reader will consult the pages of *La Picara Justina*, he will see, at greater length than can be shown here, what shameful things were done on these occasions, and how, under the mask of religion, were practised many vices, which could not be otherwise indulged in in those times of active inquisition.

Also the adventure, told with so much dramatic effect, of the dead corpse in Chapter XIX. is founded on fact, but the words which Don Quixote there addressed to the priest are not to be found in the mouth of any other Spaniard of his day: “I should have attacked ye although I had known that verily and truly ye were so many devils from hell, for such *I always judged and took ye to be.*” It may be noticed in passing that these words are greatly modified in the edition of Hartzenbusch, printed at Argamasilla in 1863, under

the especial protection of S. A. R. EL SERENISSIMO SEÑOR INFANTE DON SEBASTIAN GABRIEL DE BOURBON, where the word "always" is carefully dropped out of the text.

These are but a few examples, taken without search, to show how worthily bestowed will be the time and patience that may be given to the reading not merely of some of the elder books of chivalry, but also of the contemporaries of Cervantes, and such provincial histories as will enable us to see the Spanish people as they were at home in the days of Charles V., Philip II., and Philip III., more especially the people of the south of Spain—of Seville and Granada, Toledo and Cordova, Cadiz and Barcelona, La Mancha, and the rest of what was once the well-known Moorish dominion of the Spanish Peninsula. Surely these examples also show to us how varied were the aims of Cervantes; how constantly he seized every opportunity for letting in the day; how full his mind must have been of the spiritual needs of his countrymen; and that while he was drawing the likeness of a laughter-moving lunatic attempting to purge the king's highway of scoundrels and the general scum of society by the use of most inadequate means, he was at the same time administering the heavenly medicine by which alone the souls of men could be cleansed and saved from eternal perdition.

A different kind of intelligence is needful to that which comes from an acquaintance with the technical

terms of knightly chivalry, the enchantments, witchcrafts; giants, and monsters of the once popular tales, if we would become still more intimately acquainted with his work, and know the spirit in which Cervantes designed and carried it out. We must observe the way of life which is depicted in those old scriptures of his ridicule—the plentiful lack of nature, and the abounding of artifice and lies; the reign of easy-going credulity, and the predominance of sloth and concupiscence; the folly which springs mostly from ignorance, made insolent by the absence of all chastening; in brief, the presence of an irresponsibility that is beyond the reach of providence itself—a moral chaos, an intellectual darkness, and a spiritual confusion, the contemplation of which fills the mind of the weak with wonder, draws those who are strong enough to be drawn into the web of superstition, and fills the altogether worldly and unbelieving with a superfluity of boisterous and revolting animal enjoyment. It would be easy to cite passages in support of this statement from the numerous *Amadis* of Gaul and Greece, the *Exploits of Esplandian*, and the *Palmerins, Lisuarte*, and *Don Belianis of Greece*—the most monstrous and nonsensical of the whole of this fantastic collection. But it is neither desirable nor necessary; we have only to see the effects of reading and becoming enamoured of these stories as they are visible on Don Quixote himself, on Dorothea, Lucinda, and Claudia, Maritornes, and even Anna Felix, with many others

whom Cervantes invests with characters specially designed to show the varied effects which this fascinating and exciting kind of reading was intended to produce.

It is probably true that one of the reasons why the Popes of the Middle Ages encouraged clubs of chivalry, confraternities of self-made heroes and militant saints, and lodges with gorgeous uniforms and ceremonials for knights who were fond of pomp and glitter, was as much to improve social well-being at home, as to extend and strengthen their usurped power and influence abroad; but it is absolutely true that books of chivalry were used as agencies to tighten the grip of the Church on the throats of men. Such books kept the mind in a tropical atmosphere, where things grow without industry and without thought—where the effeminate and unrestrained fancy is not more wanton than the exuberant bounty of nature is constant and unfailing. No one better knew than Cervantes how such subtle agencies as these breed those spectres of the mind which keep men in moral and intellectual bondage, and that the fetters that bound them soon become part of their nature, from which nothing short of a new birth could set them free. How this regeneration of a people was to be wrought rested with him, and how it was done remains a secret to many millions of serious and intelligent men to this day.

He made the people laugh.

Not like parrots at a bagpiper, but like men who, after many days of darkness and dreams of misery, wake to find the sun already riding down the yellow mists and black fogs which choked them. Studious men are still thinking on the wonderful and inexplicable humour of Cervantes, and the subject occupies as pronounced a place in literature as protoplasm and electricity in physics. There was no difficulty in his writing a better book than *Amadis of Gaul*, and there would have been little merit in doing so—although, in passing, let us not forget to acknowledge that the creation of Urganda is, as some one has said, quite as wonderful as that of Ariel—the thing to be done was to resolve all the Amadis and Orianas, and the Queens of Love and of Heaven, into their original elements, and this Cervantes did before men's eyes, and without their seeing the art and skill by which he did it. When at length they ceased to laugh and began to think, and the process dawned upon their minds by which the rustic, garlic-eating Dulcinea became a Queen of Beauty, they discovered at the same time that they had not been laughing at a madman only, but also at themselves.

What a discovery this must have been to thousands! It was not published in the *Gazette* of Madrid, nor proclaimed on the *altozano* of Toledo, in the Alhambra of Granada, in the Zocodover of Cordova, in the Alcazar of Seville, or beneath the hoary walls of Burgos or Saragossa; but it was, for all that, well known.

The decorum observed on both sides—the discoverer on his part, and those who received his tidings on theirs—was perfect; even the cold-blooded and relentless myrmidons of the mangling Inquisition kept silence, for they too had laughed. Probably these awful ministers of religion detected the glance of Cervantes, and knew his meaning, and kept it secret among themselves. To run the risk of making known that secret by burning its author in the Plaza del Sol, would have been to set the whole world in a blaze; and no one knew this better than they.

We may now proceed a step further in the same direction, to show that not only was this jubilee of laughter premeditated, but that the time for proclaiming it was anxiously waited for.

For more than twenty years after the publication of the *Galatea*, Cervantes remained—to use his own words—“sleeping in the silence of forgetfulness;” * on which Don Diego Clemencin, his great commentator, remarks, “This expression may be blotted out, for forgetfulness does not speak, and therefore cannot with propriety be said to keep silence.” † Perhaps one of the most remarkable illustrations of the “silence of forgetfulness” is to be found on the western slopes of the Andes. For more than three centuries and a half, it has not been known that any tree, or useful or useless shrub, ever grew there, or any garden of flowers

* “Prologue to the Indolent Reader,” First Part.

† Clemencin, vol. i. page xlvii.

gladdened the eyes of the children of men, or that there had ever lived at the foot of those hills a countless multitude of harmless people who were murdered in the name of religion and for the honour and glory of God. But if the encumbering sand be taken from off the soil which lies beneath—on the heights of Cobija, for example—and that soil be watered morning and evening, and the sun be allowed to play upon it, then there will spring up, in less than the compass of two days, myriads of tall grasses; soon the grasses burst into a passion of bloom, and when these have enjoyed their resurrection, then the germs of a still greater creation are to be seen slowly creeping upwards to the day.

So it was with Cervantes. For more than twenty years the Spanish sky had been hung with black, and the Spanish sun hidden by thick curtains of scarlet silk, Florence serge, and Cuenca bombazine. In other words, Philip II. still lived, which is equal to saying that no man dared to call his soul his own. Men talked with one another in private, for there was no safety in free speech under the open heavens. Many—perhaps the greater part—kept watch on each other. A public fire was kept burning at enormous cost, to keep the Spanish Church pure of any German taint or Reformer's infection. Indeed, no words can convey to the unfettered mind of an ordinary thoughtful being of our own day the mental horror of hundreds of thousands of Spaniards in the time when Philip II.

governed Spain with thumbscrews and tight boots. But when Don Quixote sallied out of the back door of his yard in search of adventures, Philip was dead. The winter was then past, summer had come, and the birds began to sing: the "silence of forgetfulness" was broken; and he who had fought for the glory of Spain at Lepanto, and been forgotten by those for whom he shed his blood, was now to fight a bloodless fight, to gain immortality for himself, and a glory that should not prove barren for mankind—to fight single-handed and alone, without sympathy from the great and titled, with coldness and disguised hostility from the professional guardians of the faith, but with warm and quick emotion from the poor and simple, by which he won triumphs that are not ended yet.

How he did this may be considered by contrasting him with one who laboured in the same cause a hundred years before, but into whose labours he did not enter. It is not common to mention the name of Rabelais in conjunction with that of Cervantes, but a brief contrast of the two will help us to understand better than we otherwise might the work of one of them. Cervantes had only begun to learn his A B C just about the time that Rabelais was laid in his grave. Rabelais died in 1553; Cervantes was born in 1547. But they were both neighbours. Both were brought up in the same fold; the same sort of shepherds tended both while as yet they were lambs; they learned the same prayers and the same hymns, in the same

tongue, and they read for their amusement the same story-books; and what Rabelais did for the hideous giants of those books, Cervantes did for their ideal knights and their literary chivalry. Rabelais was the first to bring effectual and lasting discredit upon those notable histories, as well as histories of another type which belonged to his own day. But Rabelais formed his *Pantagruel* and *Gargantua* in such palpable and fleshly mould, that none but the coarse and vulgar, excepting of course the privileged few who know the deep spiritual meaning which lies within, can ever care to read what he has bequeathed to us. Rabelais, no less than Cervantes, railed at the crooked politics of his own day; the loathsome vices of the inferior clergy; the gross, yet captivating, superstitions of a diseased and corrupt Church; the pedantry and priggism—to use a colloquial word in which he would have delighted—and the philosophical jargon which formed the atmosphere of society. And Rabelais did this much to his own liking, but more for his own amusement than for the profit of others, to say nothing of the gratification of a measureless pride; and besides the boundless mizmaze of allegory through which Panurge and his patron conduct their followers, there is a large amount of positive teaching, which is neither gracious nor winning; while his monks of Thelema, full as the account of that settlement is, with its beautiful abbey and its enticing rule, yet the earthly mould in which the roses grow there is

more present with us than the sweet odour of the flowers. All this is the very opposite of Cervantes; and if Rabelais spun a laborious spider's web out of the crime and follies of his day, strangling some, and exposing others to the contempt, the scorn, and laughter of men, Cervantes laboured even as

The honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

The genius of Cervantes sucked up honey where that of other gifted men mostly found poison; and, as we have said, he did not so much laugh at men himself, as he compelled men to laugh at themselves. Rabelais had passed through a sea of trouble, and sorrow had steeped him in her lowest hell, and he rose out of it to whip with scorpions the men and the system who had robbed his youth of its sweetness, and his manhood of its charm. Cervantes, like Edgar, was

A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Was pregnant to good pity.

That was the essential difference between the great Frenchman and the great Spaniard, and the work of Rabelais, the father of modern ridicule, is now lost upon a posterity that no longer lives in fear of a hateful persecution, while the chief work of Cervantes, the father of modern fiction, continues to increase and grow like Byron's tannin, "Loftiest on loftiest and least sheltered rocks rooted in barrenness." Cervantes

was, in truth, a reformer who planted more than he uprooted, who never sought to uproot, nor to cut down any tree that bore good fruit, while it was the peculiarity of his genius to edify more than to destroy.

Perhaps no more melancholy page of general reading exists in the literature of our own day, than that which testifies of the regard in which the present race of Spanish writers hold their great countryman.

Don Diego Clemencin, the most voluminous of these commentators, observes (vol. i. pp. xxii., xxiii.) that Cervantes "wrote his fable with a negligence and slovenliness that appear to be inexplicable; that he followed the bent of his genius without observing any rule, or subjecting himself to any restriction whatsoever;" and exactly as his hero traversed "antres vast and deserts idle," rough quarries, rocks and hills, and sunburnt plains "in search of adventures, taking no beaten path or even road, so did Cervantes write without premeditation whatever his luxuriant and strong-hinged fancy dictated; *that he was ignorant of the worth of his own Don Quixote*, and, to judge from his own words, preferred to it his novel of the *Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda*."

It would be unjust not to say that this critic adds, in the very next line, "Cervantes, in writing his *Don Quixote*, entered upon an entirely new and unknown career. He found the pattern of his hero in nature, which he beautified with his own fair and prolific imagination; he created a new kind of composition:

for him there existed no established rules, and he followed none other than those which his own reason naturally suggested. Of Cervantes it might be said, as was said of Homer, that no one appeared before him whom he could copy, and no one came afterwards who could copy him ;” and, adds our learned expositor, intending to kill two birds with one stone, namely, the academicians of Argamasilla and those of Madrid, “this is the only parallel that can be drawn between the Greek poet and the Castilian novelist.”

All that the critic means in this passage by negligence and slovenliness refers, for the most part, to the unconquerable distaste Cervantes had for revising what he had written, in correcting the press, and performing the mechanical work of a schoolmaster ; and Clemencin, who was one of the best pedagogues of his village, well knew the importance of such necessary drudgery. Also the same anxious critic constantly points out how the grammar of the piece is very rickety,* many of the sentences obscure and involved, and that there are numerous words, so new that they cannot be found in any dictionary of the period, taken now from Greek, now from Italian, French, and Arabic, and not infrequently from the jargon of the gipsies ; and these, he complains, were in all probability made by Cervantes

* It should be stated to the honour of the leading literary men of Spain who have come after Clemencin, that all the strictures of the great pedagogic critic have been carefully examined, and, in the words of inspiration, are “found wanting.” See *Examen del Quixote por Don Diego Caballero*. Madrid, 1867.

himself! which daring trespass, we may add, is most true. An instance of the critic's irritation with his author for what he calls his carelessness in composition occurs in vol. iv. p. 220, and as it will serve more than one purpose, let us refer to it.

Tommy Cecial there remarks to Sancho, in the comical discourse they hold together, "True it is that in the sweat of our brows we eat bread, which is one of the curses that God threw at our first parents;" on which our pedagogue remarks, in a long comment, as follows:—"In Castilian we eat bread *with* the sweat of our brow, not in it."

Now, it so happens that this use of the particle *en* for *con* is common throughout the Spanish Reformers' Bible, printed in 1569, which was translated direct from the Hebrew into Spanish, and the words which Tommy Cecial uses are the exact words of the Reformers' text of Genesis iii. 19, and not of the authorized version made from the Vulgate. This would be too slight a foundation on which to build even a notion that Cervantes held any active communion with the early Spanish Reformers, but it is impossible not to be grateful to Don Diego Clemencin for having been the unwitting means of starting in our minds the suggestion that so it might have been.

With regard to the more serious charge that Cervantes wrote without obeying any law except that of his own imagination, it is obviously the sweeping accusation of one who looks upon imagination as a disease

of the mind, or an unhappy propensity, the indulgence in which leads to idleness and self-will; at any rate, Clemencin evidently did not know what he was saying, or he forgot that Cervantes made a special study of the books of chivalry in order to write his own book, and so completely did he master their spirit, as well as their verbal mode of expression, that he was able, in more than a thousand instances, to associate in the minds of his readers the natural children of his own fancy with the unnatural offspring of the sham sages, and thereby to laugh them out of existence. It is likewise beyond all controversy that Cervantes, before he began to write his *Don Quixote*, made a special scientific study of certain symptoms of insanity; while the first thing which strikes the attention of the most careless reader is that he makes his hero go through such a change in his ordinary way of living as to predispose him, by a perfectly natural process, to take the disease to which he ultimately must fall a victim. No one better knew than Cervantes that the mere mechanical act of reading even the most sensational of books is not sufficient in itself to produce a permanent derangement of the brain; he knew that before any pronounced type of bodily disease could be stamped upon a man's nature, the whole course of his nature must undergo a radical alteration. Indeed, so perfect and complete has the diagnosis of Don Quixote's malady been pronounced to be, that the leading members of the Royal College of Surgeons in Madrid

have claimed Cervantes as a member of their body, in precisely the same way and for the same reason that some claim Shakespeare for a lawyer, because he wrote *The Merchant of Venice*, and others for a Scot, because he wrote *Macbeth*. All of which is inconsistent with the frivolous charges of Clemencin and his followers, which would be beneath notice save that they are generally accepted as true.

The further more minute and particular examination of this part of our subject I will reserve until we have made yet a little more general acquaintance with our author's work.

That Cervantes, next to Shakespeare, knew more than any man then living or since dead of the manifestations of the imagination, is very likely to be true, but that he wrote his fable without knowing better than any one else what he was writing about must be false. The words of Cañizares, the witch, which Cervantes puts into the mouth of his dog Berganza, may be quoted here in order to show the careful attention he had bestowed in considering the functions of the imaginative faculty :

“We (the witches) go to see our master (the devil) a long way from hence, in a great and wide field, where we meet an infinity of people, wizards and witches like ourselves . . . but it is the opinion of some that we go not to those gatherings save in fantasy, by which the devil shows to us the images of all those things which we afterwards recount as having happened to us.

Others say no, but that we really and truly go there in body and soul; but I think that both opinions are true, seeing that we do not know when we go in this manner or in that, *for all that happens to us in fancy comes with such vehemency, that there is no difference between it and when we go really and truly.* The gentry of the Inquisition have had some experience with us who have been taken prisoners before them, and I think they have found to be true that which I have now told thee."—*Coloquio de los dos Perros.*

It is evident, therefore, from this and other passages which could be cited from his works, that Cervantes made a special study of the part which imagination plays in the economy of the mind—how it forms objects for itself; how it receives objects through external agencies; how it can make appear that which is not, and that which is to vanish as if it had never been. There is probably no work in the world which contains such enthralling delusions as the *History of Don Quixote*, written, not according to the whimsies of a third-rate novelist, but under the guidance of the higher reason, for the most express and, perhaps, the most merciful and benevolent of purposes that ever directed the ambition of a man. Not to perceive this is to reduce one of the best books of all time to the level of a commonplace novel of to-day, intended only to amuse the lowest quality of human beings.

Further, we need only reflect on the incomparable mastery by which Cervantes brings the errant and erring

children of his fancy in contact with the realities of practical life, in order to perceive that the mighty maze of which he was the creator was not without a plan. If men were found riding about the world, discoursing, in season and out of season, in audacious eloquence in defence of knightly chivalry, or spending their time in listening to these fascinating orations, and being carried away by them—sleeping and eating at wayside inns, and in the coolest impudence marching off without paying their shot, and all this when they ought to be honestly minding their business at home, preparing the field for seed, or getting in harvest—what kind of reception ought to be given them by all industrious and sober-minded people? This, which is one of the momentous lessons of the book, is not settled by any positive teaching, but by bringing idleness in actual conflict with thrift, and making unreasoning and wasteful enthusiasm meet face to face with common sense and well-ordered reason, and that in such situations as may be turned to account not only in the interest of the little commonwealth of Spain, but of the universal world. The first notable instance of this, after his knighting, is where Don Quixote and Sancho are regaled with rustic hospitality by the goatherds, in Chapter XI. of the First Part.

“He was welcomed with much good will by the goat-herds, and Sancho, having put up Rozinante and his ass as well as he could, found his way by the smell given out of certain pieces of goat’s flesh, which were

boiling on the fire there in a pot. And though he longed, at the instant, to see if they were ready to be transferred from the cauldron to the stomach, he refrained from doing so; for the goatherds took them off the fire, and spreading some sheepskins on the ground, dressed their rustic table in a trice, and, with many tokens of good will, invited the two to share in what they had. Six of those who were of the fold sat round on the skins, having first, with rude compliments, besought Don Quixote to seat himself upon a trough, which they placed for him, turned upside down. Don Quixote took his seat, but Sancho remained on foot to serve him the cup, which was made of horn.

“Seeing him standing, his master said to him, ‘That thou mayest know the good which is comprehended in knight-errantry, and how quickly they who exercise themselves in ministering to it come to be honoured and esteemed of the world, I desire that thou seat thyself here, at my side, and in company with these good people, and be one and the same with me, who am thy master and natural lord, and eat of my dish, and drink of the cup out of which I drink; for of knight-errantry may be said the same as of love, that it levels all things.’

“‘Gramercy,’ quoth Sancho, ‘but I can tell your worship that, if I have plenty to eat, I could eat it as well, and better, standing and by myself, than if I were seated on a level with an emperor. And, besides, if I must speak the truth, I relish much more what

I eat in my corner without niceties and ceremonies, even though it be bread and onions, than turkey cocks at other tables, where I am forced to chew slowly, drink little, wipe me often, neither sneeze nor cough when I have a mind to, nor do other things which solitude and liberty permit. Argal, good master, these honours which your worship would put on me for being minister and follower of knight-errantry—as I am, being squire to your worship—change them into other things which may be of more advantage and profit to me; for these, though I hold them to have been received in full, I renounce from here to the end of the world.’

“‘For all that,’ said Don Quixote, ‘thou hast to sit thee down; for he who humbles himself God shall exalt;’ and, taking him by the arm, he compelled him to sit near himself.

“The goatherds, who did not understand that jargon of squires and knights-errant, did nothing but eat, hold their peace, and stare at their guests, who, with good grace and relish, were gorging themselves with pieces as big as their fists.

“The course of meat being over, they served upon the skins a large quantity of sweet acorns, and placed by them half a cheese, harder than if it were made of mortar. The horn, in the mean time, was not idle, for it went round so often, now full, now empty, like the buckets of a draw-well, that it easily emptied one of the two wine-skins which hung in view.

“After Don Quixote had satisfied his stomach, he took up a handful of acorns, and gazing on them intently, raised his voice in the following strain: ‘Happy age and happy times, those to which the ancients gave the name of “golden.” Not because in them gold, so highly prized in this our age of iron, was to be acquired in that fortunate time without some pain, but rather that those who lived in it were innocent of those two words, *thine* and *mine*. In that holy age all things were in common; no man needed, in order to get his ordinary sustenance, to take other trouble than to raise the hand to pluck it from the sturdy oaks, which did freely invite him with their sweet and wholesome fruit. The clear springs and running brooks offered him, in magnificent abundance, their delicious and limpid waters. In the clefts of rocks, and the hollows of trees, did the careful and discreet bees build up their commonwealths, presenting without price to every hand the fruitful harvest of their sweetest toil. The robust cork trees did shed of themselves, without other art than that of their courtesy, their light and ample rinds, with which men did first cover their houses, supported upon rude poles, for no other end than as a defence against the inclemency of the sky. All was peace then, all amity, all concord. The painful share of the bended plough had not yet dared to open and search into the ruthless bowels of our first mother; for she, without being forced, offered, in every part of her fertile and spacious

bosom, all that could satisfy, sustain, and delight the children who then possessed her. Then, verily, did the simple and lovely shepherdesses ramble from dale to dale, and from hill to hill, in flowing locks, and with no more apparel than what was necessary to cover modestly that which modesty requires, and hath always required, to be covered. Nor was their decking that which is now used, heightened by purple of Tyre, and of silk puckered in a thousand ways; but leaves of green burdock and ivy, intertwined, with which perhaps they went as proudly, and as well arrayed as do our court dames now, with the rare and outlandish inventions which their wanton curiosity has discovered.

“Then were the love conceits of the soul decked simply and artlessly, in the same manner and fashion in which it conceived them, and sought no artful strain of words to enhance their value. Nor had fraud, deceit, or malice mingled with truth and sincerity. Justice pursued her own ends, without disturbance or harm from those of wealth and favour, which now so much debase, disturb, and persecute her. As yet arbitrary law had not its seat in the mind of a judge, for there were none to judge or be judged. Maidens and innocency went about, as I have said, whither they would, single and solitary, fearless of stranger licence or wanton intent procuring them damage, and their undoing came of their own will and pleasure. Now, in this our hateful age, no

maiden is safe, even though there should close round and conceal her another labyrinth like that of Crete. For now, through crannies or through the air, by the pricking of accursed solicitation, the amorous plague enters, and sends them to wreck with all their closeness. For whose protection, as time rolled on and wickedness increased, there was instituted the order of knights-errant, for the defending of maidens, relieving of widows, and the succouring of the fatherless and the needy. Of this order am I, brother goatherds, whom I thank for the good cheer and reception which you have given to me and my squire. For although, by the law of nature, all who live are bound to favour knights-errant, yet, as I see that without your knowing of this obligation ye have received and entertained me, it is right that, with all the good will that is possible to me, I should show my gratitude for yours.'

"All this long harangue (which might very well have been excused) our knight pronounced, because the acorns which they gave him recalled to his mind the age of gold, and the fancy seized him to make that vain discourse to the goatherds, who stood listening to him without answering a word, agape and bewildered. Sancho likewise held his tongue and ate acorns, very often visiting the wine-skin, which, that the wine might be cool, they had hung upon a cork tree.

"Don Quixote spent more time in discoursing than

in despatching his supper, at the end of which one of the goatherds said, "That your worship, sir knight-errant, may very surely say that we entertain you with a ready and right good will, we would give you pleasure and content by making one of our fellows sing, who will presently be here, who is a swain very well instructed, and much enamoured, and, above all, knows how to read and write, and plays upon the rebeck as well as heart can wish."

"Scarcely had the goatherd said this, when the sound of a rebeck reached their ears, and presently there came up him who played it, who was a very good-looking fellow of some two and twenty years. His comrades asked him if he had supped, and he answering 'Yes,' he who had paid him those compliments said—

"'In that case, Antonio, thou mightest as well give us the pleasure of hearing thee sing a little, so that this gentleman guest, whom we have here, may see that even among the hills and forests there are those who know something of music. We have spoken to him of thy good abilities, and we wish thee to show them, and prove us true men in what we have said. Let me beg and pray of thee, therefore, that thou sit and sing us the song of thy loves, which was composed by thy uncle, the priest, and was thought so much of in our village.'

"'I shall be glad,' answered the youth; and, without further entreaty, he sat down upon the trunk of a

lopped oak, and, tuning his rebeck, began to sing with very good grace after this manner :—

“ANTONIO.

Me thou lov'st, I know, Olalla,
Though thou hast not told me so,
Though thine eyes, Love's silent tell-tales,
Will not answer yes or no.

Me thou lov'st, I swear, Olalla,
For I know thee to be wise,
And no love was ever luckless
That was shown without disguise.

True it is, and I confess it,
Thou hast given me many a hint
That thy heart can be as iron,¹
And thy white breast like a flint.

Yet, what time thy honest harshness
And thy chidings most did goad me,
I have seen Hope's garment flutter,
Though the hem was all she showed me.

Though I'm constant, like the falcon
Quick to seize the tempting lure,
Yet my love hangs not on favours,
And thy frowns it can endure.

Love, they say, is kin to kindness ;
So that kindly look of thine
Tells me that my love² will prosper,
And the boon I ask be mine.

If an honest service rendered
Makes a niggard soul be free,
Not a few that I have tendered
Plead on my behalf with thee.

That full many a time and often
I have made a gallant show—
Worn my Sunday suit on Monday—
Thou must have remarked, I know.

Love and finery together!
Jog along the self-same way;
So before thine eyes I've ever
Striven to be grand and gay.

I say nothing of the dances,
Of the serenades I know,
That have kept thee nightly waking,
Till the early cock did crow.

I say nothing of the praises
I have heaped upon thy beauty—
All the girls were wild with envy,
Though I only did my duty.

She of Berrocal, Teresa,
When she heard me, roundly swore:
'Fool! you think you woo an angel;
'Tis a monkey you adore.

'She may thank her borrowed ringlets,
And her gew-gaws one and all,
And her charms so sweetly painted—
Love into the snare might fall.'

On the spot the lie I gave her,
She became my bitter foe,
Sent her cousin to defy me—
What I did to him you know.

As an honest man I woo thee,
Not to cover thee with shame,
Not to treat thee like a wanton—
Better is my simple aim.

For the Church has cords to bind us,
Knots of silk, so strong and nice;
Put thy neck within the yoke there,
Mine will follow in a trice.

If not, by the saints I swear it,
By the holiest that have been,
Ne'er to leave these hills behind me,
Save to be a Capuchin."

“With these words, the goatherd ended his song; and although Don Quixote besought him to sing something more, Sancho Panza would not consent thereto, for he was more for sleeping than hearing ditties, and so he said to his master—

“‘Your worship had best bethink you where you are going to pass the night, for the work these good men do all the day does not suffer them to pass the night in singing.’

“‘I understand thee, Sancho,’ returned Don Quixote, ‘for it is clear to me that thy visits to the wine-skin demand requital in sleep rather than music.’

“‘It liked us all well, blessed be God,’ said Sancho.

“‘I do not deny it,’ Don Quixote replied; ‘but dispose of thyself where thou pleasest, for it better becomes those of my profession to watch than to sleep. But, with all that, it would be as well, Sancho, for thee again to dress this ear of mine, for it gives me more pain than I could wish.’

“Sancho did as he was ordered. When one of the goatherds saw the wound, he bade him not to trouble himself about it, for he would apply a remedy which would readily heal it; and taking some leaves of rosemary, which grew about there in plenty, he chewed them, mixed them with a little salt, and applied it to the ear. Binding it up carefully, he assured him that he would need no other medicine; and this proved to be true.”

The politeness and good nature of these mountain

herds are equalled only by the profound, yet tender, pity which underlie both, and the common life of these rugged shepherds is infinitely more sweet and beautiful than the golden age of which the knight had told them with so much majestic rhetoric. The incident of the Yanguesians, which follows in Chapter XV., brings out in still bolder relief the sturdy outdoor life of the middle-class labouring people, their endurance and valour, and, above all, their shrewd common sense, the application of which cost the knight, his squire, and Rozinante so dear. Following this, come the good people of the inn, where the ever-memorable balsam of Fierabras is made, with the awful consequences to Sancho which follow the proof of its virtue; the womanly compassion of the landlady; the childish wonder of the daughter; the goodness which Cervantes would detect in the wretched dregs of life out of which he made his Maritornes; the fierce revenge of disappointed desire on the part of the carrier; the scorn of the officer of the Holy Brotherhood; and the ignominy, never to be forgotten by Sancho or the world, of the tossing in the bed-quilt. Throughout the entire work, this common-day life of the people of Spain is depicted with so much power, and the picture is at the same time so true, that the reader, while he is enchanted with the fine frenzies of the poet-hidalgo, becomes more and more enamoured of the sobrieties of nature, even though they are presented in their lowliest forms. The remark, therefore,

of the great commentator, Don Diego Clemencin, and all who agree with him, that Cervantes had no forethought in writing his romance, and little knowledge of its intrinsic value after it was written, may be set down as the remark of a shallow-minded person, or of one who is wilfully blind. The commentary of our friend Don Diego is unquestionably of much use, especially those parts of it which are enlargements of Bowle, which gather together for us appropriate extracts from ballads and local histories, as well as the folk lore which throws light on the meaning and origin of ancient proverbs and of customs long since forgotten; but when he presumes, as he frequently does, to mend that which was never intended to be perfect, and to make accurate that which was never meant to be exact, the only use of his work is to convince us that the Spaniards of to-day do not any longer know what was once their own book, or that it has become the favourite book of thoughtful readers among all the polite nations of the world.

So far we have been chiefly occupied with the First Part of the *Don Quixote*. In the Second Part Cervantes no longer builds his enchantments on the lines of literary chivalry; he is no longer trammelled by observing their form, copying their style, or using their words: he speaks to us himself. The humour is the same, but it is more merry; the fancy is more free, and the incidents more laughable; while over all there rules that quiet heaven of summer satire

which is as impossible to describe or imitate, as it is to paint an Andalusian sky with the common pigments that can be bought in a shop.

And when the reading of the book is finished, many are the pleasant thoughts and imaginings which continue to haunt our moments of indolence, like for their multitude the painted butterflies which haunt the shaded and remote streamlets of the great mountains that tower to the vertical sun. This has been well expressed by one whose experience is worth reading :

“In my * childish simplicity I took all the great adventures of the daring knight in good earnest. Whatever comical antics were played by fate with the poor hero, I supposed that it had to be so ; that being laughed at belonged as much to heroism as being wounded, and I felt as much vexation at the one, as sympathy in my soul with the other. I was a child, and did not know the irony that the Creator had woven into the world, and which the great poet had imitated in his printed microcosm, and I could have shed the bitterest tears when the noble knight, for all his nobleness, received only ingratitude and blows. . . . I shall never forget the day when I read of the sad combat in which the knight was forced to succumb. . . . It is now eight years ago that I wrote those lines for the *Reisebilder*. Heavens! how the years go. It seems to me that it was only yesterday that I finished the book in the Avenue of Sighs in the palace garden

* Heinrich Heine.

at Düsseldorf, and that my heart is still stirred with admiration of the deeds and sufferings of the great knight. Has my heart remained unchanged all this time, or has it returned, after a wondrous cycle, to the feelings of childhood? . . . In each lustrum of my life I have read *Don Quixote* with different feelings. When I bloomed into youth and thrust my inexperienced hands into the rose-bushes of life, and scaled the highest crags to be nearer the sun, and night after night dreamed of nothing but eagles and pure maidens, then I disliked *Don Quixote*; and if it lay in my way, I pushed it angrily aside. Later, when I ripened into manhood, I became somewhat reconciled with the unlucky champion of Dulcinea, and began to laugh at him. Yet in a curious way the shadowy figures of the haggard knight and the fat squire followed me in all the paths of my life."

The bibliography of this book of marvels may not inaptly be likened to one of the many famous mines of the Upper Andes, or of the Huron Mountains which overlook the blue waters of Lake Superior. In some of these, which are supposed to contain nothing but metallic copper, may now and then be found rare alloys of the platinum group, shining with a lustre that is unmatched even by the setting sun, when he tips the mountain peaks of the eastern coast of the Pacific with evening gold. Side by side with these treasures may be found rare crystals which rival in beauty diamond and opal, emerald or sapphire. Not

infrequently also are to be met with the tools of an ancient race, who, ages ago, worked those mines, long before the art of moulding gold was known to men, who worshipped the never-rusting metal because they thought it to be tears shed by the sun. Care and patience, linked to skill and industry, have proved that what was once thought to be a lost art, namely, the art of hardening copper, was no art at all, but a process of nature; and the sharp-pointed weapons of the Incas, and the keen cutting blades of the Huron Indians—only recently found buried, twenty or thirty feet below the line of their great “Laughing Water”—turn out to be, not made of copper hardened by some mysterious process unknown to modern science, but an alloy of copper and rhodium, which will carry an edge as sharp as steel, the product not of man, but of his eternal Master and Teacher. These are some of the surprises which wait on industry and unwearied research. In like manner the tale of the books and manuscripts connected with *Don Quixote*, together with the story of its numerous and varied editions and translations, bring, to those who are fond of the fair books of the world, rewards that are as great as they are unexpected.

It is well known that the knight of La Mancha made his first sally in Madrid in 1605. This edition was sold by Cervantes to a publisher, who resold it to another of the same trade, who, with the natural arrogance of his class, assumed to make such alterations in the text as might enable him to turn an honest

penny in his own interest, while seeking at the same time to protect the interests of religion, and that Church who watched with more than a mother's care over the tastes and pastimes of her children. In this first edition, among other things that it was desirable to smooth down or alter altogether, will be found that when Don Quixote had a mind to do penance in imitation and after the manner of Amadis of Gaul, as related in Chapter XXVI. Part First, our Don found himself without a rosary—a lack in a Spanish nobleman, under any circumstances, that would not fail to be esteemed scandalous, but when travelling from home as an omission indicative of heresy and careless blasphemy. Thereupon, with that ever-ready invention which is one of the special attributes of his genius, he proceeds to construct that essential instrument of mechanical devotion, not out of the ordinary materials of which rosaries are made, but out of his shirt-tail! This he does by cutting off a goodly piece of that garment, which he tears into strips, and of each strip makes a knot, and with these knots and after that manner he fashions his rosary. The daring of this humour can only be fully appreciated by those who know the full meaning of the whole transaction, as well as the pregnancy of the symbols which Cervantes employed. When therefore Juan de la Cuesta bought the copyright of the first edition from Francisco Robles, the wary John, with the caution of an intelligent publisher of more exacting times, struck out

the shirt-tail, and made the hero construct his rosary out of the *agallas*, or gall-nuts, which he took from the trees of the glen—an easy and decorous thing to do. This is the notable difference between the two editions published in Madrid in 1605. Two similar editions went through the press the same year in Lisbon, and one edition of the Second Part in 1616. That was all that Portugal produced, until the book was translated into Portuguese one hundred and eighty-nine years afterwards. It is quite touching to turn over the leaves of some copies of these early Spanish editions printed in Portugal. The shirt-tail and other subtleties of wit are covered over with pieces of gold-beater's skin, as some of the antique marble effigies of Greece and Rome are clouted in the galleries of Seville and Madrid, in order to hide from eyes that are worse than blind, beauties which have acquired no sacredness, and are only regarded as expressions of the unregenerate intellect by a people who boast that they alone possess the light of the true faith.

Another edition was printed at Valencia in the same year, which served as the text for many others, but not, as it has been erroneously stated, for the Brussels edition of 1607, from which our own English translation was made by Thomas Shelton in 1612. The second edition, as it is called, which received a few corrections at the hand of Cervantes, was not published until 1608. Afterwards followed Milan in 1610, and Brussels again in 1611. In all, up to the year

1617, including the Second Part, which appeared in 1615, there had been demanded by the Spanish reading people of the Peninsula no fewer than fifteen editions of this laughter-moving book.

Then came a lull.

The mayors and aldermen, the beadles of the towns, and wardens of the Church thought that there had been of this laughter more than enough, and they resolved that thenceafter there should be no more. It is true that many worthy dignitaries of the Church had enjoyed Sancho's pleasantries, his sackful of proverbs, and his carnal seekings; while it was certainly well known that there had been men, and even cardinals, who had come very near to splitting their sides over some of the exalted follies and magnificent failures of the ever heroic hidalgo, the pictures of his altogether impossible platonical love, and his proposed cure for the maladies of the world. But the times had once more grown serious; Spanish trade was dull in the year 1618, and people found a melancholy amusement in analyzing, or pulling to pieces to see of what it was made, that which had once caused the market-place to ring with merry laughter. Like the printers and printer's devils of the first edition, who were so carried along by the infatuating fun they were reading, that they overlooked numerous mistakes in spelling, and other still more important blunders which it was their duty to look after, so the people, from tearful laughter, could

not all at once see all the things at which they laughed; and, to make a figure of speech out of a piece of our own early English history,* it was then discovered that the barrels which the idlers turned into seats, and the packing-cases which they used for benches, upon which the youth and the aged of both sexes lounged in the sun, while one read aloud and all became enchanted, were filled, not with such common lay vessels as pots and kettles for humble secular service, as they supposed, but with such things as church furniture, rosaries,† reliques, and also bones of the saints. When this discovery was made, it was

* I allude to the oath which William the Conqueror took from Harold, who, without knowing it, had pledged his troth upon the bones of the saints, which lay concealed under William's tablecloth.

† Of the rosary I have already made mention; as also of the pope's mitre, the robe of infamy and death, called the *sanbenito*, and the priests who are likened to devils from hell. See also to what uses are put sprinkler and holy water in the opening of Chapter VI. Part I.; the attack on the image of the Glorious in the last chapter of the same part, where Sancho's question is obviously remarkable—"What demons do you carry in your heart, which drive you to go against our Catholic faith?" and the discourse on reliques in Chapter VIII. Part II. I do not contend that Cervantes was tilting at the Christian faith; it would be a gross libel to say so; but that he did fearlessly express his scorn for Romish ritual and priestly insolence, arrogance, and tyranny, would be folly to deny. One of the methods by which our great and sunny satirist abolished for ever the sham sages and mock knights was bringing them into the light of nature and common sense, making myth and fiction and lie to come in contact with reality; and when he makes rosaries out of shirt-tails, puts holy water into porringers, mitres and *sanbenitos* on asses' backs, and the bones of saints and the holiness of friars into Sancho's mouth, it is to bring all these to a like test.

matter of great wonder to some that all had not been blown up, or that the earth had not opened and swallowed them alive for their wickedness. But it was now too late for many to change their tune. The graceless continued to laugh, of course, as they ever will at the ridicule cast on their superiors. Yet those who were capable of reformation ceased not to smile, but it was now at themselves.

For more than twenty years after the year 1619, no more fresh editions of the immortal knight and his squire came out in the vernacular; for in that year *Don Quixote* had to take his stand in the pillory of knowledge called the *Index Expurgatorius*.

That was sufficient.

Publishers, after all, are but men, and we ought not to expect that a Spanish bookseller would willingly descend lower than purgatory on the same terms that would merely involve his English brother, not in the loss of his soul, but in the loss of a little profit on the year's sales. When at last the book again made its appearance, it was defaced by woodcuts of vile workmanship and still worse design, which appealed to a sense and taste never contemplated by its noble-minded author; and, strange to tell, the publisher of that base production was a Spanish woman. The only Spanish edition worthy of the great work was the one which, up to that time, was the finest that had as yet appeared in any country, namely, the edition printed by Jacob Tonson, "at London, 1738." This was

followed by the first annotated edition of our own Bowle, in six quarto volumes (Salisbury, 1781), and another by Pellicer, in five octavo volumes (Madrid, 1787).

Not only had his work by that time ceased to be regarded by his own countrymen—Cervantes was himself now forgotten. Still no more than one hundred and sixty years had elapsed before his own prophecy was fulfilled; namely, that as seven cities of Greece contended for the honour of giving birth to Homer, so should as many cities of Spain dispute about his own birth, and claim a similar privilege with regard to himself; and it is to be noted that, as it was a benevolent and kindly monk of the Redemptorists who ransomed him from slavery in Algiers, and restored him to his beloved native land, so also was it a monk of the Benedictines who discovered the place of his birth after it had been forgotten by all the world. To this day, however, it is not accurately known where lie his mortal remains, or where they were first laid to rest; it is not known if certain comedies of his are still extant, whilst many of his writings are irrecoverably lost.

The most important event connected with the literary history of Don Quixote is the attempt, in 1614, of one Avellaneda to continue the history of the knight in a Second Part, which he impudently attempted to palm off as a genuine work, and in every way as original as the first. Not a little mystery

continues to hang over this forgery so eminently peculiar, while few serious attempts have been made to solve it. Unfortunately the indelicacy of the work is so great, that it can never be rendered into English, as indeed it never has been, and therefore it will not be convenient to make comparisons. The editions of this scurrile imposture known to us are translations made from an adaptation in French by Le Sage, all the gross passages being excluded. These for the most part related to the worship of the Virgin, and were taken from the French spiritual romances of the thirteenth century. It is most likely that the author of the spurious *Don Quixote*, whose real name still remains hidden, was actuated by the worthy desire to enlist in the service of the Church, then greatly in need of support, the influence of the new literature which Cervantes had called into existence. It is true that the monk did not take the wisest course in making the attempt, and he had vainly supposed that Cervantes was to be reduced with the same ease as Sampson Carrasco defeated and overthrew Don Quixote on the strand at Barcelona. The result, however, happened quite the other way. Only two editions of the pseudo *Don Quixote* have ever appeared in Spain, and these at a very long interval, and no one now reads the disgraceful book, even for the quaint immoralities which it contains.

Such are but a few examples of the varied knowledge which is to be acquired by pursuing the biblio-

graphy of the *Don Quixote*, and the gratifying surprises which await all who carry on the pursuit with a little diligence and care. When it is remembered that Cervantes wrote with a clearly defined purpose, which he lived to see accomplished, which could only be achieved by vast reading and a long and weary experience; also that the First Part of his work contains more than a thousand apposite quotations from the pernicious novels whose influence over the popular mind spread like contagion, and had lasted for nearly a century, but which he destroyed in less than half a lustrum; that the book abounds with references to events then passing; that it is full of snatches of the songs and ballads of ages, proverbs old and new, the newest and best springing from his own brain—nothing more need be said to induce all who are fond of tracing a fine book to its source to make themselves acquainted with the bibliography of the *Don Quixote*. If to this be added a full conception of the work which Cervantes set before him, the peculiarity of the time of its appearing—how in less than a generation after its enthusiastic reception it was forgotten by the people to whom it was first given, and in two generations had ceased to be understood; if we consider the nations to whom it is still a living book, and how the English were the first to perceive its merits and adopt it as one of their own favourites, and, lastly, why the present generation of English readers know it infinitely less than those of

nine generations ago,—such pastime and unalloyed delight may be acquired that shall prove as full of happy surprises as any that can deserve the attention of cultivated minds.

The lesser works of Cervantes are to the *Don Quixote* what the flower-besprent grass is to the stately trees which tower above it; it does not add to their stature or their strength, but it furnishes and beautifies the space they occupy. Some of the Novels are short studies for the larger picture, and all, with the exception of *La Galatea*, were written with some well-defined object, the knowledge of which by no means interferes with the reader's delight in perusing it. He has furnished us with a list of these works, which it may be well to give in his own words.

“I cut and fashioned by my wit the dress
With which fair GALATEA sought the light,
And left the region of forgetfulness;

I'm he whose LA CONFUSA, handsome quite,
Shone at the theatres in bright array—
Believe who may if fame like this be right;

I've COMEDIES composed, whose style of play
To reason so conformed that on the stage
They showed fair mingling of the grave and gay;

I've given in DON QUIXOTE, to assuage
The melancholy and the moping breast,
Pastime for every mood in every age;

I've in my NOVELS shown a way, the best,
Whereby at last the language of Castile
May season fiction with becoming zest;

I'm he who soareth in creative skill
 'Bove many men ; who lacks a goodly share
 Of this, his fame at length will fare but ill ;

From tender years I've loved with passion rare
 The winsome art of poesy the gay ;
 In this to please thee hath been all my care ;

My humble pen hath never winged its way
 Athwart the field satiric, that low plain
 Which leads to foul rewards and quick decay.

I penned the Sonnet with this opening strain
 (To crown my writings with their chiefest grace),
 'I vow to God such grandeur stuns my brain.'

I've of ROMANCES penned a countless race,
 The one of jealousy I prize the best,
 The rest I trow are in a parlous case—

And so I'm very wroth, and much distressed
 To see me here on foot, alone to gaze,
 No tree to give me but a little rest ;

I'm on the point—to use a common phrase—
 Of giving great PERSILES to the press,
 Which shall my name and works still higher raise

I, with chaste thoughts and full of subtleness,
 In SONNETS by the dozen did array
 Three scullion maidens in a comely dress ;

To rival Phyllis, my Phylena gay
 Hath carolled through the woods, whose leafy land
 Gave back the sound of many a merry lay ;

In sweet and varied rhymes the zephyrs bland
 Have borne my dreamy hopes away from me,
 Which sowed their seed on these, and on the sand.

My thoughts were ever, are, and still shall be—
 Thanks be to Heaven that so hath bent my mind—
 From every form of flattery safe and free ;

Whate'er betide, my steps are ne'er inclined
Where travel falsehood, fraud, and base deceit,
The total wreck of honour in mankind ;

My narrow fortune doth not stir my heat,
Although to stand on foot and in this throng,
As now I see me, makes my loss complete ;

With little I'm content, although I long
For much."

This is an extract from the fourth book of his *Travels in Parnassus*, the purpose of which noble poem was to do for the bad poets of Spain what *Don Quixote* had done for the swarm of chivalry books. The work may also be looked upon as the memorial of one Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, who being poor, and having therefore no friends, and being naturally modest as well as full of courage, betakes him first to Mercury, and then to Apollo, whom he proceeds to inform of the poets of the period who are most deserving of the notice of the king. It is written in *terza rima* on the model of Cesare Caporali of Perugia, and if Cervantes had not told us this himself, no one could ever have found it out. It has not as yet been adequately translated into English, but it is impossible that a work of such humour, and such soft and subtle satire, can much longer remain in the obscurity of the tongue in which it was originally written. The *adjunta*, or appendix, full of gay humour and delightful comedy, which follows the poem in prose, contains a list of the plays and interludes of which

Cervantes also tells us he is the author. They are *The Commerce of Algiers*, *Numantia*, *The Grand Sultana*, *The Sea-fight*, *Jerusalem*, *The Amaranth*, or *Gentle Flowers of May*, *The Arbour of Love*, *The None-such*, *The Gay Arsinda*—"with several others which I forget. But that on which I set the highest value is *La Confusa*, which may hold a principal place among the best." This last, like several of the others, appears to be irrecoverably lost. *The Phylena*, which Lockhart* describes as "a pastoral poem of some length," is now understood, on the best authority, to be a printer's error for *Sylena*—the lady to whom Cervantes was subsequently married, and to whom he gave this name in his pastoral romance of *La Galatea*.

Although not in chronological order, it may be desirable to conclude the little that remains to be said of the *Travels in Parnassus* (not *Voyage to Parnassus*, as it is now the custom by Spanish as well as English writers to call it). A voyage is made to Parnassus, it is true, and the poet sighs to reach "the summit of the toilsome hill" and "press a laurel garland" on his brow, and after bidding farewell to his humble home, he goes on foot to the seaside, which he at length reaches, and the journey affords great scope for the poet's descriptive powers; but the principal part of the poem consists of subtle disquisitions on those poets who were his contemporaries, their works and character,

* In his life of Cervantes prefixed to Motteux's translation (Edinburgh, 1822), p. viii.

and is therefore properly described by Cervantes as
Un Viaje del Parnaso.

All hopeful, and all fearless, I began
To look about to find some frigate near,
Wherein to carry out my lofty plan ;

And a barque of wondrous splendour comes straight
into port, carrying a man of high degree—

In whose attire and gesture firm and free,
Mercurius' living figure was designed—
The envoy of the gods of fable he,

With gallant mien and bearing most refined,
With wingèd feet, caduceus in his hand—
Symbol of prudence and of wit combined.

And scarcely had the poet seen him plant his winged
feet upon the yellow sands, that smiled to feel the
sweetness of the pressure, than he knelt before that
wondrous form. Then—

The spokesman-god quick bade me rise again,
And, in sonorous measured verse, he now
Began to parley with me in this strain :—

“Cervantes, Adam of the poets thou !
What bags and toggery be these, my friend,
Which show default of wit and sense, I trow ?”

This sportive greeting assures the poet, who answers
in blunt and soldierly phrases the demand made with
such familiarity by the deity, who offers him a
passage in his barque.

So arm thee with thy verses and thy skill
And make thee ready to embark with me,
And gird thee for the service with good will ;

With me thy passage shall be safe and free,
No pother need'st thou make, nor questions raise
About thy needful provender at sea.

And to convince thee that I do not phrase,
Come with me to my galley, and strange sight
Thou'lt see, to fill thy fancy with amaze.

Then follows the description of this fair ship, which
must suffice us for our sample of the poet's workman-
ship :

From keel to mainmast-top, O wonder rare,
A swarm of verses formed the whole array ;
No single bit of prose did mingle there !

The port-holes were a curious roundelay
Of Glosses made to order and designed
To grace Malmaridada's wedding day ;

The bank of oars was with Romances lined,
A daring folk, but needful as a change,
And fit for active work of every kind ;

The poop was of material wondrous strange,
Of Sonnets, bastard and legitimate,
Of cunning work withal and endless range ;

Two Tercets, each of power exceeding great,
Composed the stroke-oars of the left and right,
A wider oar-sweep to effectuate ;

The rower's gangway came before my sight,
Formed of a long-drawn Elegy and drear,
Designed for wailing, not for song's delight ;

So might I understand what strikes the ear,
When sorrows on some wretch's head do pour,
"He runs the gangway !" 'tis the phrase we hear ;

The solid mainmast, that aloft did soar,
Was fashioned of a stiff and prolix Lay,
Six fingers deep, pitch-plastered ;

The latteen yards, that 'thwart its bulk did play,
Were hard, dry Strophes, which to view did bring
Their wooden texture in the plainest way;

The parrels, prattling with the vessel's swing,
Were Redondillas, and in rows arrayed
To tinkle forth an easy rattling ring;

The rigging was of Seguidillas made,
Bright with a thousand fopperies and more,
That titillate the soul in serenade;

The prow-ribs, stout and honest to the core,
Were tablets large and pond'rous as could be,
With this and t'other poem garnished o'er;

The flags and streamers were a sight to see,
That waved and fluttered with the moving air
Of varied Rhymes a trifle loose and free;

The sailor lads, that flitted here and there,
Seemed to me coupled verses in a stave,
Though each did work with free and jaunty air;

The bulwarks were composed of Sextines grave,
Or verses blank, and to the galley bright
A stouter and more firm appearance gave.

Such was the ship designed by Apollo to carry all the Spanish poets across the main to Parnassus' heights. Mercurius was the first to set sail in it in search of Cervantes, and having found him he resigns into his hand the command, giving him at the same time a list of those to whom he was to communicate Apollo's wish.

He showed the list; and 'mong the vast array
Of poets' names, I saw Yanguesians there,
Coritos too, and dwellers in Biscay;

Of Andalusians many a name and rare,
And of Castilians saw I not a few,
Whose dwelling posey delights to share ;

Mercurius said : " This most distinguished crew,
Since thou dost know them, pray describe the same,
And with their names their height of genius too."

I made response : " Of those of loftiest name
I'll tell thee what I know, that thou mayest deign
Before Apollo to exalt their fame."

Then follow short descriptions of a hundred poets and writers, calling them all by their names, and giving of each a bright, happy, and rapid description. Quevedo is a "true son of Apollo, and the scourge of poetasters;" his is the longest portrait of all, and next in length and importance is that of Lope de Vega, "the notable poet whose prose and verse none could equal, much less surpass." The *adjunta*, or appendix, in prose, is a delightful piece of writing, which reminds us of the sweetness and power of Addison when at his best, together with the serious playfulness of Charles Lamb. The part played by poor Pancraccio is skilfully pourtrayed, and although intended to be very satirical, yet it breathes that gracious violet scent that turns even resentment into love.

The Six Books of *La Galatea*, as it was called, first saw the light in 1584, and was dedicated to Cardinal Ascanio Colonna. It was very well received both in Spain and in France; Don Luis de Vargas Manrique wrote a sonnet in its praise, which has been preserved, and is much above the common level of commendatory

sonnets. There is nothing in the *Galatea* to suggest the advent of *Don Quixote*—from the song of Caliope we should rather gather that he had in view his *Viaje*—but there is the presence of that ever delicate and tender spirit which drew from Coleridge the words, “Of delicious love he fabled, yet with stainless virtue.” All his best and intimate friends were poets, and Cervantes, not knowing where his strength lay, would fain emulate these singers; and there is little doubt but that he wasted much precious time in the making of verses, and that the prose of *Galatea* was written for no other purpose than to lug in the already written lines of poetry—plot there is none; while the incidents start like wild rabbits in a Cheshire field, both for number and suddenness: but as the work was never finished, no more need be said of it than he says himself: Its author was “more versed in sorrows than in song. His *Galatea* hath something in it of good conception. It promises something, but concludes nothing. Needs must that we wait for the second part which he has promised” *—but which, we may add, never appeared. The most that can be said of it is that it was the first work of any importance written by Cervantes.

In the Novels, of which there are some thirteen, we not only see the poetic invention of Cervantes, on which he prides himself so much and so justly, but that abounding of wit and wisdom, that mingling of

* *Don Quixote*, Chapter VI. Part First.

the grave and gay, and that union of art and nature which will make these short stories the pleasant companions of readers of all time. They are full of the most faithful pictures of Spain that have been preserved; besides which, as he tells us, "they contain a certain hidden mystery," which enhances their value. He had reached his sixty-fifth year when he published them, and although not quite the last fruit of an old tree, they may be reckoned among the best. They carry us through sunny Andalusia; they introduce us to all sorts and conditions of its people—gipsies and beggars, vagabonds and thieves, priests and travellers, alcaides and witches, wayside inns and country churches, private manners and public customs, together with innumerable vignettes of village life and landscape. They have been translated into English more than once, but the best edition is faulty in the extreme, and not more than five or six have been rendered with any spirit or verbal accuracy. They were written at different periods, but in what order it is not now known. The *Impertinent Pry*, which appears in the First Part of the *Don Quixote*, was probably one of the earliest of the series. Only those who have made its acquaintance in the English translation find it tedious; in its original tongue it is singularly beautiful, while the arguments of Anselmo and Lothario are conducted with singular skill, and are full of charm. Opinions vary on the motive that led Cervantes to introduce a tale of such length into his

Don Quixote, and the question was hotly debated in his own day. It is not the only long story which appears to mar the progress of the famous history; for besides that of the ill-fated Chrysostom, we have the prolonged episode of Dorothea and Fernando, the loves of Cardenio and Lucinda, and that of the *Captive Captain*, which it is well known forms part of the personal experience of Cervantes himself; and all that need be said of these episodes is that it was a story-telling-leisurely time, and we may rest assured that it was not without ample reason that Cervantes made use of these digressions in the course of his hero's history.

The manner in which the thieves in *Rinconete y Cortadillo* carry on their knaveries "in the name of God and the saints," and with what a perfectly punctilious piety they pick pockets and steal fine linen, is drawn with as much truth to nature as Murillo drew his beggar boys of the town and his cherubs of the country. What may be "the hidden mystery" of the picture it is not necessary to say; the following extract will show how it speaks for itself. Pipota, a withered old hag, hastens, after dark, to the den of Monipodio, that notorious receiver of stolen goods in Seville, and says—

"What I have come for is to tell you that last night the Renegade and Centipede brought to my house a buck-basket bigger than this which you have here, full of white linen, and, by God and my soul, there

it was still with its pot ashes and lye, which the poor little fellows had not time to throw out, and they ran in sweating such heavy drops of sweat that it was pitiful to see them panting, with their faces streaming with water like so many angels. They did not empty the basket or count the linen, confiding in the integrity of my conscience; and as God shall fulfil my good desires, and deliver us from the hand of justice, I have not touched the basket, which is as entire as it was on the day it was born. . . . But now, as it is getting late, give me a pull of something to drink, to comfort my stomach.'

"Escalanta then placed in the hands of this very pious old woman half a gallon of wine.

"'Thou hast poured out a great deal, child,' said the old one, 'but God gives strength for all;' and, putting it to her lips, without taking breath, at one draught, she poured it all into her stomach. 'God comfort thee, child, as thou hast comforted me; but I fear it will do me harm, for I have not yet broke my fast.'

"'No, no, mother,' exclaimed Monipodio; 'it is three years old.'

"'I trust in the Virgin it be so,' said the old one; and she added, 'Search and see, children, if by any luck ye have a copper to help me buy the candles for my devotion, for with the hurry and the longing to bring news of the basket I left my pouch at home.'

"'Yea, I have some, Señora Pipota' (for such was the name of the good old dame), answered Garrancia.

‘Take it. Here be two *quartos*: with one, I pray thee, buy a candle for me, and put it in front of Sir Saint Miguel; and if thou canst get two, stick up the other before Sir Saint Blas—for these are my advocates. Perhaps thou canst put another in front of the lady Saint Lucy, because on account of that matter of the eyes I adore her. But I have no more loose change now; another time I shall have some, when I will settle with all of them.’

“‘And thou wilt do well, child. And mind that thou art not a niggard; for it is of great importance for a person to bear her own candles before death, and not to wait for heirs and executors to stick them up.’

“‘That is well said, Mother Pipota,’ said the Escalanta; and, putting her hand into her pocket, she gave her another *quarto*, and charged her to place two more candles before two saints whom she liked most, and who might prove the most useful and grateful.

“With that Pipota took her leave, saying to them, ‘Enjoy yourselves, children, now, for now’s your time; old age will come, when you will weep for the moments lost in youth, as I weep for them now. Commend me to God in your prayers, and I will do the same for myself and for you, that he may deliver us, and preserve us in our dangerous trade from all perils and assaults of justice;’ and with that she went her way.”

The conversation between the two heroes of the story, Rincon and Cortado, on their first acquaintance, is also not without much salt and hidden wisdom.

“‘Is your worship, perchance, a thief?’ inquired Rincon.

“‘Yea, for the service of God and good people, although not of the most schooled, for I am yet in the year of my novitiate.’

“To which Cortado answered, ‘This is a new thing to me, that there should be thieves in the world who thieve in the service of God and good people.’

“‘Sir,’ replied the youth, ‘I meddle not in theologies; what I know is that each one in his own calling is able to praise God, but especially in the order which Monipodio has established for all youngsters.’

“‘Without doubt,’ said Rincon, ‘such order should be good and holy, since it enjoins thieves to serve God.’

“‘It is so holy and good,’ said the youth, ‘that I do not think it can be bettered in our trade. It is an ordinance of his that of what we steal we shall give something, in charity, to buy oil for the lamp of an image of this city which is very much venerated; and, in sooth, we have seen great things come from this good work. . . . But we do more: we pray the whole of the rosary, divided through the week; and many of us will never steal on a Friday, nor have any conversation on the sabbath day with a woman whose name happens to be Mary.’

“‘All this is very fine, it seems to me,’ said Cortado. ‘But tell me now, your worship, is there no other

penance—make you no other restitution—than what you have told me?’

“‘As for the matter of restitution,’ replied the other, ‘there is nothing to be said; for it is impossible on account of the many parts into which the stolen thing would have to be divided, each of the agents taking a share, and the contractors theirs as well. So that the first thief would really have nothing to restore. Besides, there is no one to bid us to this duty of restitution, for the reason that none of us makes confession; and if they take out letters of excommunication against us, they never come to our notice, because we never go to church when they are read out, but only on indulgence days, for the profit that is then offered to us by the great crowds of people who assemble.’

“‘And so these gentry console themselves by supposing that their lives are good and holy?’ remarked the youth.

“‘Well, what harm is there in it?’ demanded the other. ‘It is not so bad as being a heretic, or a renegade, or murdering your mother or your father, or in being a Solomonite.’” . . .

In the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs* we discover things which bear upon and elucidate the method which Cervantes adopted through the whole of his literary career. One or two may be selected at random:—

“Bridle thy tongue, for from it proceed the greatest hurts of human life. . . .

“*Scip.* I have heard that a great poet of the

ancients once said that it was a difficult thing to write satires; I will consent to thy giving a little point to thy sayings, but not so as to draw blood. Thou canst mark, but not hurt, nor kill. Censure, even if it provoke laughter, is not good, if it mortally wounds; and if thou canst be pleasant without it, I will hold thee for a person of discretion."

Berganza's description of his various masters is pregnant with meaning; in one case he finds that the shepherds kill the sheep and eat the flesh, and then lay the blame on the wolves of the neighbourhood, for which the watch-dogs get into trouble, and he exclaims, "By God's sonties, I said within myself, 'Who may right this wrong? Who shall be strong enough to make it known that the defence is offence; that the sentinels sleep when they should watch, the trustees rob, and those who guard do murder us?'

"*Scip.* Let us stop here, for I would not have it seem that we are preachers. . . . Very different are your earthly masters to the Master of heaven. They, before taking a servant, ransack his parentage, examine into his abilities, the neatness of his person, and would even know what clothes he has. But to enter the service of God the poorest is the richest, the lowliest the highest born; and with only the desire to serve him with purity of heart, he orders them at once to enter him in the wages book, and has assigned him many and great things which exceed all that he can desire.

"*Berganza*. All that is preaching, friend Scipio.

"*Scip*. So it seems to me, and so I shut my mouth."

The story of *Preciosa, the Little Gipsy*, might have suggested to the author of *Oliver Twist* the problem which he presents with so much dramatic power, and the manner in which it is solved. *The Spanish-English Lady* contains a fair representation of the popular traditions of the Court of Elizabeth very favourable to "good Queen Bess," and there is one sentence in which, while it is intended to describe his heroine, Cervantes would appear to be painting the English queen at the time of her greatest peril, and when not only her kingdom, but the cause of human freedom, as well as her own safety, were menaced on all sides: "Elizabeth stood like a rock in the midst of the sea, which the winds and waves beat upon, but could not move." *The Generous Lover* carries us to Cyprus as it was two years after its capture by the Turk from the Venetians in 1570, and "while the ruins of the ill-fated Nicosia were still wet with the blood of its Christian defenders." The story contains some allusions to the Ottoman Government that will be read with interest after an interval of three hundred years. *El Licenciado Vidriero*—Doctor Glasscase or Doctor Dainty, as it might be rendered, or Flasket, as he is called in the story—deserves a more prolonged notice. In all his works Cervantes constantly alludes to himself and the circumstances of his life at more or less length,

but in this singularly attractive novel he obviously gives us a deliberate account of his 'early life, the aim of his youthful ambition, and perhaps also an attempt at describing the quality of his own genius. The story opens thus:--

"Two gentlemen, students, were one day walking on the banks of the Tormes, where they saw a boy, of some eleven years of age, asleep under a tree. They sent a servant to awake him; on opening his eyes, they asked him where he belonged to, and what he meant by going to sleep in that lonely spot.

"The boy answered that he had forgotten the name of his native place, and that he was on his way to Salamanca in search of some one whom he might serve as his master on condition of being helped in his studies. They asked him if he could read; he answered that he could both read and write.

"Then said one of the gentlemen, 'It is not for lack of memory that you have forgotten your native town.'

"'Be it for what it may,' said the boy, 'neither its name nor the names of my parents will any one know until I can bring honour to it and them.'

"'After what fashion do you propose to bring them honour?' demanded the other.

"'By study,' answered the boy, 'making myself illustrious; for I have heard that men have even been made bishops by study.'"

The answer of the boy moved the two travellers, and they took him with them to Salamanca, where for

the protection they gave him in his college career he paid them in personal service. He gave himself the name of Thomas Rodaja, a homely name, and became famous for his amazing memory and his success in law and polite literature. After finishing his college course, he proceeded to Malaga to visit his patrons, but on his way to that seaport city he met with a gentleman of the king's army, who was completing his company, and who was much charmed with the student for the beauty of his person and the excellency of his wit. So well did the soldier discourse on the attractions of foreign travel to the student, that Rodaja was enticed. He entered the army, sailed to Italy; "he saw Naples, Palermo, Milan, Florence, Venice and Rome, and returned to Spain through France, but did not see Paris."

This, there can be little doubt, is the true meaning of the brief notice we have in the biographies of Cervantes entering the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, which took him to Rome, where we are told he enlisted under the banner of Don John of Austria, fought in the decisive battle of Lepanto, was taken prisoner, and ultimately kept in captivity for nearly six years. Then comes the crisis of our student's life; he made the acquaintance of "a woman of the world—one of those dames who delight in power, and are satisfied with nothing less than absolute devotion from all on whom they bestow their favours." Her name is not mentioned, and she may, after all, be only an allegory.

She is represented as falling madly in love with Rodaja, who, however, rejected her advances. A Moorish woman is then consulted on how best to subdue the heart of the man to the woman's will. A charm is conveyed to him for this purpose, which turns out to be a poison; it does not kill, but strikes him with madness, and the unhappy man becomes "the victim of the strangest affliction ever heard of among the many kinds by which humanity has been assailed. He believed that he was made of glass, and would utter the most piteous cries to his friends on their approach, beseeching them not to come near him, or they would break him to pieces. On every other subject he retained his remarkable powers of mind; his memory was unimpaired, his wit never halted, and whilst his affliction excited compassion and tenderness, it gave him at the same time the privilege of saying things which would not have been tolerated in other men. Passing one day through the clothes-market of Salamanca, a saleswoman said to him, 'By my life, master doctor, I am sorry for your affliction, but, try as I will, I cannot weep for you.'

"On which the doctor, steadfastly regarding her, said with much meekness, '*Filiæ Jerusalem, plorate super vos, et super filios vestros.*'

"The husband of the woman, perceiving the intent of the reply, answered, 'Brother Glasscase—for so I believe they call you—you are more knave than fool.'

"To which Rodaja answered, 'You are not asked to bestow a penny, and I have not a grain of the fool about me.'

"One day, being in a publisher's shop, the lunatic remarked, 'This trade would please me well but for its one fault.'

"'What may that be?' demanded the publisher.

"To which Rodaja answered, 'The airs you give yourselves when you buy the copyright of a book from an author, and the jokes you play on authors when they print at their own cost.'"

On the margin of the page in which these words occur in one of the rare editions of this story, some pathetic reader, perhaps himself an author, has written the words—it was his own copy—"O Cervantes, thou shouldst be living now."

The fame of the lunatic spread throughout the whole of Castile, and his sayings were on every one's lips. A prince wrote to a noble of Salamanca, begging him to bring the doctor to the Court, which was then at Valladolid.

"'I am not good for palaces,' was the reply, 'for I have still left in me some shame, and know not how to flatter.'

"Nevertheless he went, and was cordially received, and the prince asked him of his health and of his journey. 'No journey is ill if it comes to an end,' was the reply, 'except that of going to the gallows.'

"One day, going out hawking, the lunatic remarked

that 'Falconry was a practice worthy of princes, since the cost of the pleasure was about two thousand to one of the profit;' and that 'hare-hunting was fine sport, when followed with your neighbour's hounds.'"

Finally, he made the acquaintance of a monk of the order of St. Jerome, who had singular gifts and graces, particularly in making the deaf and dumb hear and speak after a certain fashion, and also in the case of insanity. The monk, moved of charity, took Flasket under his care, and recovered him of his affliction. He at length regained his strength of intellect, but the people still held him to be mad. Not being able in such society to earn a living in the pursuit of literature, he resolved on going to Flanders and entering the army. On leaving Madrid, he exclaims—

"O Court, that enlargest the hopes of insolent pretenders, and blightest those of the humble and true; that fillest the saucy fool with abundance, and starvest to death the modest wise, farewell." *

* Farewell, quoth I, my humble home and plain!
Farewell Madrid, the Prado, and the springs
Distilling nectar and ambrosial rains!

Farewell, ye gay assemblies—pleasant things
To cheer one careworn, aching heart, and eke
Two thousand faint and starving underlings!

Farewell, thou site befabled and unique,
Where erst two giants great were set ablaze
By thunderbolt of Jove in fiery freak!

Farewell, ye public theatres, which raise
False wit aloft, and give a worthless crown
To quite a hundred thousand foolish plays!

He went to Flanders, "where he finished in arms the life he might have made immortal by letters."

The Novels of Cervantes procured for him the praise of enemies as well as the applause of friends. Lope de Vega wrote in imitation of them, but confessed himself inferior to Cervantes. Tirso de Molina, called the Spanish Boccacio, had no praise left for himself after reading the works of the maimed one of Lepanto; and Calderon, the greatest of all of those times, lavished his encomiums on the purity of spirit and the eagle-pinioned genius that painted so sweetly the portrait of human love. The last and greatest tribute of all was that of Sir Walter Scott:

Farewell the hunger keen of some grandee,
For sooner than drop dead beside thy door,
From country and from self to-day I fly!
Viage del Parnaso, cap. i.

Gongora's "Sonnet" to the same city will be read with much interest; by some, perhaps, with equal surprise:—

A bestial life in witchery enshrined,
Harpies that prey on purses, and all grades
Of wrecked ambitions lurking in the shades,
Might make a grave judge talk, and raise the wind;
Broad ways with coaches, lacqueys, pages lined,
Thousands of uniforms with virgin blades,
Ladies loquacious, legatees, broking trades;
Faces like masks, and rogueries refined;
Lawyers long-robed; most bare-faced lies that are;
Clerics on she-mules, mulish tricks and ways;
Streets paved with mud, and filth of endless smell;
Bemaimed and battered heroes of the war;
Titles, and flatteries, and canting phrase;
This is Madrid, or better said, 'tis hell.

“But for the *Novelas Exemplares* of Miguel de Cervantes, the *Waverley Novels* would never have been written.”

Los Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda was not printed until after his death, and then by his widow, and for no other purpose or reason than to raise a little money for her poor self. It has gone through several editions. It is now but little read, although formerly it had many admirers; while Master Josef de Valdivieso declares that of all the works left by Cervantes none came up to this, for in genius and cultivation, as well as for pastime, it surpasses them all. Unfortunately we have no means of judging for ourselves whether this witness be true, for I suppose that Master Josef means by “all the works left by Cervantes” such as were left in manuscript.

It is time to turn to the chief purpose for which this Handy Book is written; and although we shall travel a little over the same road by which we have so far come, yet I trust it will be to gather fresh beauties and discover more pleasures.

I say that Don Quixote was mad.

His madness was not the result of an injured or a weakened brain; he does not become ferocious like Cardenio, nor was he an idiot like Anselmo; he was a monomaniac, mad on one idea, and perfectly sane, even wondrous wise, on all others. His madness was seated, not so much in his head, as in his stomach, and he could, any day he chose, have cured himself.

This is not a fancy of mine; it is a statement of the distinctive and discriminating knowledge of the author of *The Ingenious Hidalgo, Don Quixote de la Mancha*.

Spain in the sixteenth century was overrun with madmen of the same type, men of one idea. The country was ruled by madmen—the king, the Inquisition, the nobles, the cardinals, priests, and nuns, who were all dominated by one mastering and overbearing conviction that the way to heaven was through a door, the keys of which were in their keeping. It was this belief, which in some assumed the force of a fierce infatuation, that inflamed the minds of such men as Charles V., Philip II., Ignacio Loyola, Torquemado, the Duke de Avila, Cisneros, with the holy woman Santa Teresa, and almost every other leading spirit in arms, in the Church, even in literature, and in every department of the State; and so far as these were under the influence of monomania, so far did they resemble Don Quixote. It is therefore of the greatest interest to us to be assured that Cervantes knew what he was about when he began to make his map of the human mind. He was perhaps the first to navigate its darkest region, to tell us of the quality of this terrible darkness, and to show how it could be shined upon with the healing blessedness of light. There is as much pleasure to be obtained in proving this statement as in following the adventures of Don Quixote in his native land.

At the very onset we learn that Don Quixote was

a nobleman who lived in the mountainous region of Central Spain, and we are led to infer that his ancestors were men of arms; his pursuits, we are told, were those of a gentleman of vigorous habit, who looked after his own estates, was a notable early riser, and fond of the chase. In an evil hour for him, and that at a time when he was no longer young, but at the ripe age of fifty years, he gave himself up to the reading of novels, or books of chivalry as they were then called, and that with such eagerness and relish, that he neglected almost wholly the exercise of the chase, and even the governance of his estate. Nay, he would sit up all night, poring over his pages of black letter, until it was day, and by day till it was night; and thus, with little sleep and much reading, his brain dried up, so that he lost his reason. Nor was this all; he took to eating heavy suppers, chiefly of spiced meat and onions, resurrection pie,* stewed pigeons, garlic, and chestnuts, and the only rest he

* *Resurrection pie* is an odious phrase, but a dish of "pains and breakage," or "dolour and craunch," or "gripes and grumblings," is not sufficiently explicit. "*Sorrow*" used to be the name of a certain supper-dish long ago in England, but it is now not known, and although I have purposely used very old words, not because they are old, but worthy, yet "*sorrow*" as a dish I did not think worth bringing to life again. "*Resurrection*" pie is as near as I could come to the *duelos y quebrantos* of the original; that is, an *olla* or pot made of the flesh of animals who have died accidental deaths by falling down precipices and getting their bones broken. These are the *quebrantos*; the *duelos*, or pains, are supposed to refer to the feelings of the owners of the sheep or goats, or the shepherds who tended them, or both together, on discovering their loss.

gave to his digestive organs was on Fridays, when his food consisted wholly of lentils. He drank little or no wine, and, although a confirmed bachelor, smoked no tobacco. His sole interest in life came to consist in reading the stories of Amadis of Gaul, Cid Ruy Dias, the Knight of the Burning Sword, Bernardo del Carpio, Orlando, and the loves of Oriana and Madasima. He would hold hot dispute with his neighbours as to which of all the famous knights of old was the most renowned for truth and valour, till at last he resolved to turn knight himself; afterwards he became convinced that this was needful for his honour, till at last, his enthusiasm rising to its topmost pitch, he became swallowed up of the burning faith that the evil of the times and the service of the commonwealth required that he should turn knight-errant, and go through all the world with his arms and horse, to seek adventures and to exercise himself in all that he had read pertaining to the practice of knightly chivalry, redressing all manner of wrongs, slaying giants, delivering captives, cheering the poor, comforting the weak and friendless, and, above all, succouring the distressed. Then his fancy, taking him captive, led him to believe that he was at least Emperor of Trebizond, and, like a poor somnambulist, he went about hunting up some arms that had belonged to his great-grand-folks, which, ages ago, had been thrown into a corner and forgotten. These he took and cleaned as well as he could, but found that

of these arms the helmet had lost the vizor; so he took pasteboard, and made a vizor of that, which, being fixed to the morion, *gave it all the appearance of a complete helmet*. Then, in order to try if it were strong enough to risk a cut, he drew his sword, and with one stroke undid in a second what had taken a week to make. Not liking that, and to guard against all danger, he made it anew, lining it inside with strips of iron, in such wise that he *was sure of its strength*—so sure, indeed, that he would not make another experiment, but pronounced and held it to be the very finest bestudded helmet in the world.

Here in the compass of a nutshell we have the mind of Don Quixote laid out before us. He was perfectly sure that the pasteboard vizor was equal to resisting any contact with the finest sword ever made, *but he would not test it*. It had *all the appearance* of the finest steel helmet that was ever studded with gold, and that was sufficient for him. Again: he sold many acres of land in order to buy books of chivalry. That of itself might be a reason for some people to call him mad, but to him it was a sacrifice which added valour to his arm, increase to his faith, and steadfastness to his purpose. We may read with great delight the wondrous adventures through which he passed; we may, like this inspired madman, become enchanted with the creations of fancy that the poet spreads out to our view; but they all resolve themselves at last into the simple element of pasteboard

that was made to look like steel, or, to use another phrase, into the strong delusion to believe a lie. Each of the marvellous achievements of the knight has most certainly its special interest, meaning, and lesson, but they are all connected with pasteboard and *olla podrida*; they are such stuff as dreams are made of, and nothing else. The progress of the knight is built up and set forth with such singular clearness, and so natural is his growth in faith and fancy, the details of his chivalry are so minutely entered into, and his trials and triumphs so overmaster our feelings while they take possession of our faculties, that he is as much a reality to us as are the ancient heroes of any history, whether sacred or profane. And yet he was mad, and the madness is so plainly writ that he who runs may read; and it may be also said that he who reads shall be made to run—yea, as fast as did the pilgrim when he began to read a somewhat similar writing.

It is not necessary to prove that Cervantes knew the full meaning of all he wrote while writing for the world this wonderful book. Not one of the great writers of the past, not even the prophets of God prophesied unto themselves, but unto us which should come after, things which by that means have for ever been made sacred as well as sure. But it is necessary to insist that while Cervantes unquestionably possessed the divine prophetic spirit of the poet, he had at the same time accurate knowledge, derived from obser-

vation, of some of the forms of human madness, and that one of his designs, perhaps his chief design, was to show how easy it is for the best of men to go mad. Yea, even in his own house, and while eating his supper, shall the devil enter into him, dwell with him, torment and try him, and bring him to the very verge of hell itself.

Let Charles V., Philip II., Ignacio Loyola, and the whole army of saints who have fought the cause of Christ with the carnal sword, shut themselves up in the cells of their own consciousness, forsake the simple laws of nature, eat unwholesome food, murder sleep, cherish the faith that it is their business to give up the governance of their estate, and go into all the world possessed of no adequate and fitting means to redress its wrongs, and even they shall become as mad as Don Quixote. They shall do as much harm as he did; nay, more; for the harm which they do shall have no fun in it. There shall be much affliction and sorrow, the spilling of abundance of blood, and the shedding of many tears; but no laughter, and no smiles. If then we set out with the distinct understanding that, while the work of Cervantes is one of unrivalled mirth and matchless humour, it is at the same time a lighthouse on the sands of life, which serves to show the peril a man runs when he leaves the bright, broad, and wide sea of nature for the dark and dangerous narrows of the little known regions of fancy, or fate, or faith that has

no supporting evidence to sustain it, or of imagination that is twin-born with superstition, equalled in strength only by the terrible force of the enthusiasm it engendered, then shall we be able to bring out of this old book things as new as our own daily needs.

The first adventure which shows our madman in conflict with some of the realities of life is mentioned in the fourth chapter.

"The day was breaking when Don Quixote started from the inn, so happy, so gleeful, so enraptured at seeing himself made a knight, that the delight was ready to burst the girths of his horse." He had resolved to go home and supply himself with money, some clean shirts, and a squire; and had not gone far when he heard the feeble cries of some complaining person. No sooner did he hear them than he exclaimed, "I give thanks to Heaven for the favour it does to me, in that it has proffered me so soon an occasion to fulfil the duties I owe to my profession, and from which I may be able to gather the fruit of my good desires. These cries, without doubt, are of some distressed man or woman who stands in need of my favour."

Turning the reins, he guided Rozinante towards the place from whence he thought the sounds came. And a few paces from the entrance of the wood he saw a mare tied to an oak, and a boy of about fifteen, naked to the waist, tied to another, who it was who cried, and not without reason; for a stalwart farmer was giving him many cruel lashes.

Seeing what was passing, Don Quixote exclaimed in an angry voice, "Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to strike one unable to defend himself. Mount thine horse, and take to thy lance, and I will make thee know that it is only cowards who do what thou art doing." Then follows much arrogance on the part of Don Quixote, some fine and weighty reasoning, and much confiding trust; for our madman took the word of the stalwart farmer; and, believing him to be as true and honest as himself, just as he believed his pasteboard helmet to be as true as steel, he continued on his way, greatly satisfied with himself for what he had done, and saying in a loud voice—

"Well mayest thou call thyself blessed above all women of the earth, O beautiful above beauties, beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso, since it fell to thy lot to hold subject and devoted to all thy will and desire a knight so valiant and renowned as is and shall be Don Quixote de la Mancha; who, as all the world knows, received but yesterday the honour of knight-hood, and to-day has redressed the greatest wrong and injury which injustice could design and cruelty commit. This day he has snatched the lash from the hand of a pitiless enemy, who, without any cause, was scourging that tender infant."

Now, if you read the thirty-first chapter, the explanation is given to this adventure, accompanied by such reflections as do not leave us in doubt as to the purpose for which it was written.

Here "there chanced to pass by a lad, who was going along the road, who, stopping to look very intently at those who were by the spring, after a moment ran up to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, set himself to weep in good earnest, crying—

"“Ah, my master! does not your worship know me? Look at me well. I am that boy Andres, whom you released from the oak to which I was tied.”

"Don Quixote recognized him, and, taking him by the hand, turned to those who were there, and said, 'That your worships may perceive of how much importance it is to have knights-errant in the world, to redress the wrongs and injuries which are committed in it by insolent and wicked men who dwell therein, know that a few days ago, passing by a wood, I heard some cries and very piteous lamentations, as of a person afflicted and in distress. I hastened instantly, impelled by my obligation, towards the place whence it seemed to me the voice of sorrow proceeded, and there I found, tied to an oak, this youth who is now before you, at which my soul rejoices, for he shall be a witness that will not let me lie in anything. I say that he was tied to an oak, naked from the middle upwards, and a clownish fellow, whom I afterwards knew to be his master, was scourging him with lashes from a horse's bridle. As soon as I saw him, I demanded of him the cause of so atrocious a flogging. The boor replied that he was flogging him because he was his servant, and for certain negligences of his

which sprang rather from knavery than simplicity. At which this child said, "Sir, he flogs me only because I ask him for my wages." The master answered with I know not what speeches and excuses, which, although they were heard by me, were not regarded. In fine, I made him untie the boy, and swore the clown to an oath to take him home with him, and pay him down real upon real—ay, and perfumed too. Is not all this true, son Andres? Didst not note with what authority I commanded him, and with how much humility he promised to do all that I imposed upon him, notified, and willed? Answer; trouble not thyself, nor hesitate in anything; tell what passed to these gentlemen, that they may behold and consider how useful it is, as I say, to have knights-errant upon the roads.'

"'All that your worship has said is true,' answered the lad, 'but the end of the business was very much to the contrary of what your worship imagines.'

"'How contrary?' demanded Don Quixote. 'Did not the clown pay thee, then?'

"'He not only did not pay me,' replied the boy, 'but as soon as your worship had got outside the wood, and we were alone, he tied me again to the same tree, and gave me afresh so many lashes, that he left me flayed like St. Bartholomew; and at every lash he gave me, he uttered some jest or scoff, to make a mock of your worship; and if I had not felt so much pain, I would have laughed at what he said. In fact,

he treated me so as that I have been ever since curing myself in an hospital of the damage which that evil villain did me. For all this your worship is to blame, because if you had gone away straight on your road, and had not come where they did not call you, nor meddled with other people's business, my master would have been content to give me one or two dozen lashes, and afterwards he would have released me and paid me what he owed. But as your worship insulted him so wantonly, and called him so many bad names that his anger was kindled, and as he could not avenge himself on you, when he found himself alone he let fly the tempest on me, in such sort that methinks I shall never be a man again in all my life.'

"'The mischief was,' quoth Don Quixote, 'in my departure, for I should not have gone until after I had seen thee paid; for I ought to have known, by long experience, that no churl keeps the word he gave, if he finds it does not suit him to keep it. But thou wilt remember, Andres, that I vowed if he did not pay thee, I would go in search of him, and that I would find him, even though he should hide himself in the whale's belly.'

"'That is true,' said Andres; 'but it was to no purpose.'

"'Now shalt thou see whether it be to any purpose or no,' exclaimed Don Quixote; and, saying this, he rose up hastily, and commanded Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was browsing whilst they were eating.

"Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do.

"He answered her that he meant to go in quest of yon churl, and chastise him for such base conduct, and make him pay Andres to the last farthing, in spite and in the teeth of all the churls in the world.

"To which she replied by reminding him that he could not, in conformity with his promised boon, engage in any enterprise until hers was achieved; and since he knew this better than any one else, he should assuage his wrath until his return from her kingdom.

"That is the truth,' answered Don Quixote, 'and it is necessary that Andres should have patience until my return, as you say, lady; for I again vow and promise anew not to desist until I have him avenged and paid.'

"I do not believe in these vows,' said Andres. 'I would rather have, just now, something to carry me on to Seville, than all the revenges in the world. Give me, if you have it here, something to eat and to take with me; and may God be with your worship and all knights-errant, and may they be as errant to themselves as they have been to me!'

"Sancho took a piece of bread out of his store, and another of cheese, and, giving it to the lad, said, 'Take it, brother Andres, for each of us has a share in thy misfortune.'

"Pray, what share have you in it?' asked Andres.

"This share of bread and cheese which I give

thee,' answered Sancho; 'God only knows whether I shall have to want it or not. For I would have thee know, friend, that we squires of knights-errant are subject to great hunger and ill luck; ay, and to other things which are better felt than told.'

"Andres laid hold of his bread and cheese, and seeing that nobody gave him anything else, he made his bow, and took to his heels, as they say. True it is that before he went, he said to Don Quixote—

"'For the love of God, sir knight-errant, if you meet me again, and you should see me being cut to pieces, do not succour me, nor help me, but leave me to my woe; for, be it ever so great, it cannot be greater than will come to me from the help of your worship, whom, with all the knights-errant ever born into the world, may God confound!'

"Don Quixote started up to chastise him, but he set off running so fast that no one ventured to follow him.

"Don Quixote stood very much abashed by the story of Andres, and it was necessary for the rest to take great care that they did not laugh outright, lest they should put him to utter confusion"—in other words, lest he should have recovered his common sense, in which case there would have been an end of the play.

The adventure which perhaps shows the humours of the knight's frenzy in still more conspicuous colours, and also the wondrous hand of the master,

is that to which we have already made reference at page 20. If we did not know that all that high-sounding rhetoric represents the actual character of men whose lives we can read of in the history of the past, as well as the insanity of men even of our own acquaintance, it would be sheer waste of time to read it. There is no harm—on the contrary, there is much pleasure—to be derived from pursuing the delights of the imagination; but when it is proposed to make these the motives of human action, then ensues the madness which immediately precedes destruction.

The next example of his madness is that which describes the liberty which Don Quixote once gave to some sinners, the cost of which first fell upon himself:—

“Don Quixote lifted up his eyes, and saw that along the road he was taking there were coming some dozen men on foot, strung together by their necks, like beads, on a great iron chain, and all with shackles on their hands. There came also with them two men on horseback and two on foot; those on horseback carrying fire-locks, and those on foot swords and pikes; and as soon as Sancho Panza saw them, he cried—

“‘Yonder is a chain of galley-slaves, people compelled by the king, who are going to the galleys.’

“‘How people compelled?’ demanded Don Quixote. ‘Is it possible that the king should use compulsion on any people?’

“‘I say not so,’ answered Sancho, ‘but that they

are a people who, for their offences, are going, condemned to serve the king, in the galleys by force.'

"'In fine,' replied Don Quixote, 'be it as it may, these people, since they are taking them, go by force, and not of their will.'

"'That is so,' quoth Sancho.

"'Then, in that case,' said his master, 'here doth intervene the execution of my office to redress outrages, and to succour and help the afflicted.'

"'Consider, your worship,' said Sancho, 'that justice, which is the same as the king, does no violence or wrong to such people, but chastises them in punishment of their crimes.'

"Here the chain of galley-slaves came up; and Don Quixote, in very courteous terms, besought the guard that they would be pleased to inform and tell him the cause or causes wherefore they were conveying those people in that manner.

"One of the guards on horseback answered that they were galley-slaves, king's gentry, who were going to the galleys, and that there was no more to be said, nor had he any more to know.

"'For all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I would learn from each of them singly the cause of his misfortune.' He added to these other and such civil arguments to move them to tell him what he wished, that the other guard on horseback said to him—

"'Although we carry here the register and the warrant of the sentence of each of these unfortunates, this

is no time to take them out and read them. Your worship may come and ask it of themselves; for they may tell it if they please, and they will, for they are gentry who take delight in acting and relating knaveries.'

"With this licence, which Don Quixote would have taken of himself had they not given it, he came up to the chain, and inquired of the first for what sins he went in such guise. He answered that it was for having been in love.

"'For that and no more?' returned Don Quixote. 'If for being in love people are sent to the galleys, I might have been rowing in them long ago.'

"'The love is not such as your worship imagines,' said the galley-slave; 'for mine was that I loved over much a buck-basket, stuffed with white linen, which I embraced so vehemently that, if justice had not taken it from me by force, I should not have forsaken it till now of my own free will. I was caught in the act; there was no need for the torture. The cause was concluded. They accommodated my shoulders with a hundred, and, as a make-weight, three years of *gurapas*; and the job was done.'

"'What are *gurapas*?' asked Don Quixote.

"'Gurapas are galleys,' answered the galley-slave, who was a young fellow of about twenty-five years of age, and a native, he said, of Piedrahita.

"Don Quixote put the same question to the second, who answered not a word, he was so sad and melancholy.

"But the first answered for him, and said, 'This one, sir, goes for a canary-bird—I mean for a musician and singer.'

"'How then,' repeated Don Quixote, 'do men also go to the galleys for being musicians and singers?'

"'Yes, sir,' replied the galley-slave, 'for there is nothing worse than to sing while in the anguish.'

"'The rather, I have heard say,' quoth Don Quixote, 'that he who sings gives sorrow wings.'

"'Here it is just the other way,' said the galley-slave, 'for he who sings once, cries all his life.'

"'I do not understand it,' said Don Quixote.

"But one of the guards said to him, 'Sir knight, among these ungodly people, to sing in anguish means to confess on the rack. They gave this poor wretch the torture, and he confessed his offence, which was that of being a *cuatrero*, which is a cattle-lifter; and on his having confessed, they condemned him to the galleys for six years, besides two hundred lashes which he carries on his back. And he goes always thus, sad and pensive, because the rest of the thieves who stay there, and those who go with us, maltreat, abuse, flout, and despise him, because he confessed, and had not the courage to say "No." For they say that a *No* has as many letters as an *Ay*, and that a criminal has luck enough when his life or his death stands in his tongue, and not in that of witnesses and proofs; and, for my part, I hold they are not far out.'

"'And so think I,' said Don Quixote. And then,

passing to the third, he put to him the same inquiry as to the others; who with much glibness answered off-hand, and said—

“‘I go for five years to Mistress Gurapas for wanting ten ducats.’

“‘I will give twenty, with all my heart,’ said Don Quixote, ‘to free thee from this misery.’

“‘That,’ quoth the galley-slave, ‘would be like one who has money in the midst of the sea, and is dying of hunger, without having where to buy what he needs. This I say because, if I had had those twenty ducats in their season which your worship now offers me, I would have greased the notary’s pen with them, and quickened the advocate’s wit, so that this day would see me in the middle of the square of Zocodover, at Toledo, and not on this road, leashed like a greyhound. But God is great, and—patience, that is enough.’

“Don Quixote passed on to the fourth, who was a man of venerable aspect, with a white beard which reached to his breast; and hearing himself asked of the cause of his being there, he began to weep, and answered not a word. But the fifth convict lent him a tongue, and said—

“‘This honourable man goes for four years to the galleys, having paraded the ordinaries pompously apparelled, and on horseback.’

“‘That is,’ said Sancho, ‘as I take it, to be exposed to public shame.’

“‘It is so,’ replied the galley-slave; ‘and the crime for which they gave him this penalty is for having been a broker of the ear, and, for that matter, of the whole body. In fact, I mean that this gentleman goes for being a pander, and also for giving himself the airs and pretensions of a conjurer.’

“‘If he had not added these airs and pretensions,’ said Don Quixote, ‘as a pure pander only he did not deserve to be sent to row in the galleys, but to command them, and to be a general of them. For the office of pander is no ordinary one; it is an office for the discreet, and is most necessary in the well-ordered commonwealth, and none should exercise it but people very well born; and there should even be an overseer and examiner of them, as there is for other professions, appointed and recognized, like brokers of the exchange. And in this manner might be avoided many evils that are caused through this office and profession being in the hands of idiots and people of small intelligence, such as silly, worthless women, pagelings, and buffoons raw in years and of very small experience, who on the most critical occasion, and when it is necessary to manage any affair of nicety, let the morsel freeze between the fingers and the mouth, and know not which is their right hand. Fain would I go further, and give reasons why it is expedient to make election of those who should hold so necessary an office in the commonwealth; but this is no convenient place to do so. Some day I will speak of the matter to those

who can provide a remedy. Only this I say now : that the pain which has been caused me by seeing these silvery hairs and this venerable countenance in this distress for pandering, has been removed from me by his additional character of conjurer, although I well know that there are no sorceries in the world which can influence and compel the will, as some simpletons think ; for our will is free, and there is no herb or charm which can compel it. That which certain silly women and certain crafty impostors are wont to make, is some mixture and poison with which they turn men mad, giving us to understand that they have power to excite love—it being, as I say, a thing impossible, to constrain the will.’

“‘That is so,’ said the old fellow ; ‘and in truth, sir, as I am not guilty in the matter of the conjuring, so in that of the pandering, I cannot deny it but I never thought I was doing harm in that, for all my intention was that the whole world should enjoy itself, and live in peace and quiet, without quarrels or troubles. But this my good motive availed me nothing to hinder my going whence I do not hope to return, as my years burden me, and the stone, which lets me not rest an instant.’ And here he turned to his weeping as at first ; and Sancho felt so much compassion for him, that he took a real of four out of his bosom, and gave it him for charity.

“Don Quixote passed on, and asked another of his offence, who replied with no less, but much more,

briskness than the last, "I go here because I played the fool too much with two of my female cousins, and other two cousins which were not mine. In short, I fooled so much with all, that the result of the joke was an increase of the kindred, so intricate that there is no calculator can make it out. It was all proved against me. I had no interest, no money, and came near to having my windpipe choked. They sentenced me to the galleys for six years. I agreed; it was a punishment for my fault. I am young. Let my life hold out; with that all will go right. If your worship, sir knight, has anything about you to succour these poor folk, God will repay you for it in heaven, and we will take care on earth to beseech God in our orisons for your worship's life and health, that they may be as long and as good as your fine appearance deserves.'

"He that spoke was in the habit of a student; and one of the guards said that he was a great talker, and a very excellent scholar.

"After all these came a man of some thirty years, of a very good mien, save that when he looked he thrust one eye into the other. He was bound a little differently from the rest, for he wore a chain to his leg, so great that it wound round his whole body, and two rings round the neck—one on the chain, and the other of the kind called *keep-friend* or *friend's-foot*. From these descended irons which reached to his waist, whereon were fastened two manacles which held his hands, locked by a heavy padlock, so that

neither could he reach his mouth with his hands, nor lower his head to reach his hands.

“Don Quixote asked why that man went with so many shackles more than the others. The guard answered that he had more crimes to his charge than all the others together, and that he was so daring and so great a scoundrel that, although they took him in that manner, they were not sure of him, but feared he might give them the slip.

“‘What, then, can his crimes be,’ said Don Quixote, ‘if they have not merited greater punishment than to be sent to the galleys?’

“‘He goes for ten years,’ replied the guard, ‘which is equal to civil death. You need wish to know no more than that this fine fellow is the famous Gines de Pasamonte, who by his other name they call Ginesillo de Parapilla.’

“‘Master commissary,’ said then the galley-slave, ‘fair and softly; let us not now go splitting of names and surnames. I am Gines, and not Ginesillo; and Pasamonte is my stock, and not Parapilla, as your worship says; and let every one turn himself about and look at home, and he will not have little to do.’

“‘Speak lower, sir thief beyond measure,’ said the commissary, ‘unless you would have me silence you to your sorrow.’

“‘It is well seen that man goes as God pleases,’ answered the galley-slave; ‘but some day somebody will know whether I am called Ginesillo de Parapilla or not.’

“‘Do they not call you so then, rascal?’ quoth the guard.

“‘Yes, they do,’ answered Gines; ‘but I will take care they don’t call me so, or I will pluck out my beard where—— But no matter. Sir knight, if you have anything to give us, give it to us now, and begone, in God’s name, for you worry me with so much inquiry after other men’s lives; and if mine you would learn, know that I am Gines de Pasamonte, whose life is written with these pickers and stealers.’”

“‘He says true,’ quoth the commissary; ‘for he himself has written his own history, which leaves nothing to be desired, and has left the work in prison, pawned for two hundred reals.’

“‘Ay, and I intend to redeem it,’ said Gines, ‘if I had left it for two hundred ducats.’

“‘Is it so good, then?’ quoth Don Quixote.

“‘It is so good,’ replied Gines, ‘that it plays the devil with *Lazarillo de Tormes*, and with all others of that kidney which have been or may be written. What I can vouch for to your worship is that it deals with truths, and they are truths so pretty and pleasant that there are no lies which can come up to them.’

“‘And how is the book entitled?’ demanded Don Quixote.

“‘*The Life of Gines de Pasamonte*,’ replied the same.

“‘And is it finished?’ asked Don Quixote.

“‘How can it be finished,’ answered he, ‘if my life is not finished? That which is written is from my

birth up to the point when this last time they have sent me to the galleys.'

" 'Then have you been there before?' said Don Quixote.

" 'For the service of God and the king, I have been there once before for four years, and I know already the taste of the biscuit and the cowhide,' answered Gines; 'and it does not grieve me much to go there, for then I shall have time to finish my book. There remain many things for me to say; and in the galleys of Spain there is more leisure than what I need, although I need not much for what I have to write, for I know it by heart.'

" 'Thou seemest a clever fellow,' said Don Quixote.

" 'And an unlucky one,' answered Gines; 'for bad luck always pursues good genius.'

" 'Pursues knaves,' said the commissary.

" 'I have already told you, master commissary,' returned Pasamonte, 'to go fair and softly; for their lordships did not give you that staff that you should maltreat us poor devils who go here, but to guide and carry us where his Majesty commands. If not, by the life of—— Enough; for some day there will come out in the bucking the stains which were got in the wineshop. And let every one hold his tongue, and live well, and speak better; and let us get on, for this has been rather above a joke.'

"The commissary raised his staff to strike Pasamonte in return for his threats; but Don Quixote interfered,

and prayed him not to ill-treat the other, for it was not much that he who had his hands so tied should have his tongue a little loose. And turning to all of the chain, he said—

“From all you have told me, dearest brethren, I have clearly gathered that although it is for your crimes they punish you, yet the pains you are to suffer give you no great pleasure, and that you go to them with ill humour, and much against your will; and that it was possibly the little courage which that one had on the rack, the want of money in this, the small interest of the other, and, in fine, the crooked judgment of the judge hath been the cause of your perdition, and of your not meeting with the justice which you had on your side. All of which doth now present itself to my memory in such wise, that it is prompting, persuading, and even compelling me to manifest in you the purpose for which Heaven launched me upon the world, and made me to profess in it the order of chivalry which I follow, and the vow which I took therein to support the needy, and those oppressed of the stronger. But, forasmuch as I know that it is one of the properties of prudence not to do by foul means what can be done by fair, I would entreat these gentlemen your guardians, and the commissary, to be good enough to release you, and let you go in peace; for there will not be wanting others to serve the king from better cause, and to me it seems a hard case to make slaves of those whom God and nature made

free. How much more, sir guards, added Don Quixote, 'since these poor fellows have done nothing against you? Yonder shall each one answer for his sin. There is a God in heaven, who neglects not to chastise the wicked, nor to reward the good; and it is not meet that honest men should be the executioners of other men having no interest in the matter. I ask this of you, in this peaceable and quiet manner, that I may have, if you grant it, something to thank you for; but an if you will not do it willingly, then this lance and this sword, with the valour of my arm, shall make you do it by force.'

"'Mighty pleasant fooling!'" answered the commissary. 'A capital jest which he has wound up with at last! He would have us let go the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to free them, or he to command us to do it. Go your way onward, sir, and welcome, and set that pot which you carry straight on your head, and do not go looking for three feet in a cat.'

"'You are cat, and rat, and villain,'" retorted Don Quixote; and so, with word and deed at once, he assaulted him so suddenly that, without having time to put himself on his defence, he struck him to the earth, sorely wounded with a thrust of his lance, and it happened, fortunately, that this was the one with the fire-lock.

"The rest of the guard became astonished and confounded at this unexpected encounter; but coming

to themselves, those on horseback put their hands to their swords, and those on foot to their pikes, and set upon Don Quixote, who awaited them with much composure; and, without doubt, it had gone hard with him, if the galley-slaves, seeing the occasion offer itself for achieving their liberty, had not seized it by breaking the chain on which they were linked together. Such was the tumult that the guards, now running to the galley-slaves, who were unloosing themselves, now by engaging with Don Quixote, who was encountering them, did nothing to any purpose.

“Sancho, on his part, helped to release Gines de Pasamonte, who was the first to leap upon the plain free and unfettered, and, attacking the fallen commissary, took away his sword and fire-lock; by pointing which at one and levelling it at another, without ever discharging it, he cleared the fields of all the guards, who took to flight no less from Pasamonte’s fire-lock, than from the many stones which now the liberated galley-slaves hurled after them.

“Sancho was much grieved over this affair, for he represented to himself that those who had fled would give notice of the occurrence to the Holy Brotherhood, who, upon the striking of the alarm bells, would sally out in pursuit of the delinquents; and so he spoke to his master, begging that they might instantly depart thence, and go and hide themselves in the hills which were close by.

“‘That is well,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but I know

what is now fitting to be done.' And, calling all the galley-slaves, who were in an uproar, and had stripped the commissary to his skin, they ranged themselves in a circle about him to see what he might command, and he thus addressed them: 'It is the part of people well born to be grateful for the benefits which they receive, and one of the sins which most offends God is ingratitude. This, I say, gentlemen, because ye have seen of actual experience the benefit ye have received from me, in requital whereof I would desire, and it is my will, that, burdened with this chain which I took from your necks, you at once put yourselves on the road, and wend to the city of Toboso, and there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her knight, he of the Rueful Visage, sends his service to her; and ye shall recount to her, point by point, all which pertains to this famous adventure, up to the conferring upon you your desired freedom; and this done, you may go where you please, good fortune attending.'

"Gines de Pasamonte replied for all, and said, 'That which your worship, our liberator, commands is, of all impossibilities, impossible to do; for we cannot go together along the roads, but alone and separate, and each one for his own part, and try to hide ourselves in the bowels of the earth, lest we be found by the Holy Brotherhood, which, without any doubt, will come out in search of us. What your worship might order, and it is right that we should

do, is to exchange this suit and service to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso into a certain quantity of *Ave Marias* and *Credos*, which we will say for your worship's sake; and this is a thing which can be done by night and by day, in flight and in repose, in peace or in war. But to think that we could now return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, and, say I, to take up our chain and put ourselves on the road to Toboso, is to imagine that it is now night, although it is not ten of the morning, and to ask of us that is like asking pears of an elm tree.'

" 'Then, by the faith of my body,' cried Don Quixote, now fairly enraged, 'Don Whoreson, Don Ginesillo de Parapilla, or however they call thee, thou shalt go alone, thy tail between thy legs, with the whole chain on thy shoulders.'

"Pasamonte, who was not over patient (being now aware that Don Quixote was not very sane, since he had committed such a folly as to give them their freedom), seeing himself treated in that fashion, gave a wink to his companions; and, retiring apart, they began to shower so many stones upon Don Quixote, that he could not manage to cover himself with his buckler, and poor Rozinante took no more notice of the spur than if he had been made of bronze. Sancho got behind his ass, and by its help defended himself from the cloud and tempest of stones which rained upon them both.

"Don Quixote was not able to defend himself so

well but that there struck him—I know not how many—flints on the body, with such force that they brought him to the ground; and scarce was he fallen, when the student leaped upon him, and took the basin from off his head, and gave him with it three or four blows on the back, and struck it as many other times on the ground, by which he broke it almost to pieces. They stripped him of a tunic which he wore over his armour, and would have taken his hose, if his greaves had not hindered them. From Sancho they took his coat, leaving him in his shirt. Dividing among themselves the rest of the spoils of the battle, they fled each one his way, with more concern to escape from the Brotherhood which they dreaded, than to burden themselves with the chain, and go to present themselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

“Only the ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, remained alone—the ass, with drooping head and pensive, now and then shaking his ears, thinking that the storm of stones which had buzzed about them had not yet ceased; Rozinante, who also had been brought to the ground by the stones, stretched by the side of his master; Sancho, naked to his shirt, in terror of the Holy Brotherhood; Don Quixote very much out of temper at finding himself so ill used by the very men for whom he had done so much.”

But although Don Quixote was abroad, doing much mischief where he believed he was doing great good, and every day was making of himself a still greater fool,

he had friends at home who took pity on his misery and plotted to deliver him from its bonds.

The priest and the barber of his native village resolved to go in search of him and bring him back to his home and his senses. And it is while studying this element of divine compassion contained in our book that we first come on what we now more than ever perceive to be the leading design of its being written. Cervantes can not only show us a short and easy method for producing madness; he is able also to provide for it an unfailing cure. The friends come upon the track of the madman; they meet with Sancho, quite by accident; their plans are thus greatly forwarded. The priest and barber come into the presence of Don Quixote, who recognizes them, and demands from them the cause which brings them to those parts, so lightly clad, all alone, and without servants.

Then the priest constructs what might be called a gracious lie:—

“ ‘ Your worship shall know, sir Don Quixote, that I and Maese Nicholas, our friend and our barber, went to Seville to recover certain moneys which a kinsman of mine, who many years ago went to the Indies, had sent to me. And it is no small sum; not less than sixty thousand minted dollars—a worthy matter. And passing yesterday by these parts, there set upon us four highwaymen, and they stripped us even to our beards; and after such sort did they strip us, that the barber

had to put on a false one. And even this youth' (pointing out Cardenio) 'they have changed anew. The cream of the joke is that it is notorious in all these regions that those who surprised us were certain galley-slaves, who they say were liberated, almost in this very spot, by a man so valiant, that, in spite of the commissary and the guards, he loosed them all. And, without any doubt, he must be mad, or else as great a rascal as any of them, or he may be some wretch without soul or without conscience; for the same would let loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the chickens, the wasp into the honey; he would defraud justice, rebel against his king and natural lord—for he set himself against his righteous mandates; he would, I say, rob the galleys of their feet, set the Holy Brotherhood in uproar, which for these many years hath been asleep; finally, he would do a deed by which he shall lose his soul, and not save his body.'

“‘These, then,’ said the priest, ‘were those which robbed us; and God, of his mercy, forgive him who hindered their being carried to the punishment which was their due!’”

Here then, as in the case of Andres, the madness of liberating the thieves is brought home to the reason of the mad knight, who, had it served the purpose of his creator, could have been restored to his senses there and then; but with admirable skill he makes those who have taken upon them his cure to

bungle in their work, and so, happily for us, we have still to witness more surprising adventures.

The beautiful Dorothea now appears on the stage of our comedy, whose real life, as I have already pointed out, forms a part of its tragedy. She, however, presently disappears, with many others, from our story, and the priest and the barber, by means of lies so laughable that they carry us along like solid truths, succeed at last in getting the knight home by persuading him that he was enchanted.

The artifice by which this is done; the incidents that take place by the way; the wonderful discourses which are poured into our ears, and which enter into the manifold design of the author, have never failed, in the course of nearly three centuries, to give delight and admiration even to those who never knew why they were written.

Here ends the First Part of the history, which consists of fifty-two chapters.

The Second Part, which contains seventy-four chapters, was not printed until after an interval of ten years. It is even more elaborate in dealing with the most terrible of all human maladies than the First Part.

It opens with an account of how the priest and the barber, with great charity, watched over the health of their friend, and how they both charged the niece and housekeeper of Don Quixote to nourish him well with suitable and comforting food. This they promised to do with all possible good will and care, because they

saw that at times he gave tokens that he was possessed of all his senses. At last the friends resolved to make proof of his recovery, and, in an unguarded moment, indiscreetly touching upon his weakness, they discover to their sorrow, though not to their surprise, that he is as mad as ever. All this is set forth in the first chapter of the Second Part.

“At last they visited him, and found him seated in bed, dressed in a sleeved waistcoat of green baize, a red Toledo cap; and so dry and withered that he seemed to be a mummy. They were very well received by him, and asked after his health. He told them of it, and of himself, with much shrewdness and elegance of words. In process of their discourse, they came to treat on what they call reasons of state and modes of government, correcting this abuse and uprooting that, reforming one custom and banishing another, each of the three making of himself a new statesman, a modern Lycurgus, or a flaming Solon; and after such manner did they new-create the republic, that it seemed nothing else than that they had put it into a forge, and taken out a different one to that which they had put in. Don Quixote spoke with so much discretion on all matters which they touched upon, that the two examiners believed, beyond all doubt, that he was quite well, and possessed of all his reason.

“The niece and housekeeper were present during their converse, and knew not how enough to give God

thanks for seeing their master with so fine a mind. But the priest, changing his first intent, which was not to touch the string of chivalry, would now make proof of Don Quixote's cure being true or false, and so, casting about, he told some news which had come from the capital; and, among others, he said that it was held for certain that the Turk had descended with a mighty armada, and that no one knew his design nor where that great cloud would burst, and that all Christendom was up in arms, as indeed it was wont to be almost every year, and that his Majesty had already ordained for the defence of the coasts of Naples and Sicily and the island of Malta.

"To this Don Quixote answered that his Majesty had done like a most politic warrior in providing for his estates in time, so that he be not surprised of the enemy; 'but, if he would take my counsel, I would advise the use of a fit device of which at this hour he is far from thinking.'

"Scarcely had the priest heard this, when he said within himself, 'God help thee, poor Don Quixote! for methinks thou art plunging from the top of thy madness to the profound abyss of thy simplicity.'

"But the barber, who had already been struck with the same thought as the priest, questioned Don Quixote of the steps which he thought it would be well to take: 'Perhaps, after all, it might be put in the list of the many impertinent advisements which it is common to give to princes.'

“‘Master shaver,’ said Don Quixote, ‘mine will not be impertinent, but pertinent.’

“‘I meant no displeasure,’ replied the barber, ‘but experience hath shown that all or most of the projects which they give to his Majesty are either impossible or absurd, or to the prejudice of the king or the realm.’

“‘Well, mine,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘is neither impossible nor absurd, but the most easy, the most fitting, and the most skilful and ready that ever entered the mind of any promoter soever.’

“‘You delay, your worship sir Don Quixote, in telling it,’ said the priest.

“‘I have no mind to rehearse it here now,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that at daybreak to-morrow it may reach the ears of the lords of the council, and another reap the praise and reward of my labour.’

“‘For me,’ said the barber, ‘I give my word, both here and before God, not to tell that which your worship may say, either to king or Roc or terrestrial man—an oath which I learned from the *Romance of the Priest*, where, in the preface, the king is advised of the thief who robbed him of the hundred crowns and his gadding mule.’

“‘I know nothing of fables,’ said Don Quixote, ‘but I know that this oath is good, inasmuch as I know that master barber is a man of means.’

“‘Though it were not,’ said the priest, ‘I would make it good, and be bound for him in this, that he

shall speak no more of it than the dumb, under pain of paying that to which he shall be judged and sentenced.'

"'Who shall be bound for your worship, sir priest?' demanded Don Quixote.

"'My profession,' answered the priest, 'which obliges me to ward a secret.'

"'By God's body!' then exclaimed Don Quixote, 'hath his Majesty need to do more than order, by public proclamation, that all knights roaming through Spain shall repair together to the capital on a certain fixed day? And if there come but half a dozen, yet such an one might there be among them who alone would suffice to break the whole of the Turkish power. Be your worships attentive, and follow me. Is it a strange thing for a single knight-errant to destroy an army of two hundred thousand men, as if altogether they only had one throat, or were made of sugar? If not, tell me, how many histories are full of these marvels? Should the famous Don Belianis be living now (though it would be an evil hour for me; I say not for another), or were some one of the innumerable lineage of Amadis of Gaul alive this day, and would confront the Turk, by my faith, I would not be bound for the issue. But God will be mindful of his people, and will send a man who, if he be not as stout as the knights-errant of the past, at least will not fall short of them in courage. God knows my heart, and I say no more.'

“‘Alas!’ here his niece exclaimed, ‘may I be killed if my master does not wish to turn knight-errant again!’

“‘A knight-errant,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘I will die; and fall or rise the Turk when he will, and be as mighty as he may—again I say, God knows my heart.’

“On this the barber said, ‘I pray you, gentle sirs, give me leave to tell a short story of what happened in Seville, for it comes pat to our purpose, and I would fain tell it.’

“Don Quixote and the priest gave him leave, the rest lent him their attention, and he began after this manner :

“‘A man was put in the mad-house at Seville by his kindred, for that he had lost his reason. He was a graduate in canon law of Osuna; and though he had been of Salamanca, it is the opinion of many that he would still have gone mad. This bachelor, at the end of some years of his confining, came to think that he was sane and in his right mind; and with this fancy he wrote to the archbishop, earnestly praying him, and with well-concerted arguments, that he would order his release from the misery in which he lived, for that, by the mercy of God, he had recovered him of his reason; only his kindred, in order to enjoy that share of the estate which had fallen to him, held him there, and, in spite of truth, would hold him for mad till his death. The archbishop, persuaded by

his many and touching letters, ordered a chaplain of his to inform himself from the superior of the mad-house if what the licentiate had written were true, and that he should himself speak with the madman, and if it seemed to him that he was in his wits, to release him and set him free. The chaplain did as he was told, and the superior assured him that the man was still mad; for albeit he spoke many times like a person of excellent mind, yet in the end he would break out into many and great lunacies as absurd as the first part of his discourse was natural. The chaplain would needs make the trial, and going to the madman, talked with him for an hour or more, and in all that time the madman never showed a tortured or disjointed reason; rather he spoke with such prudence that the chaplain was forced to believe that the man was sane. Among the rest, he told him that the superior, having some ill will against him, or not to lose the presents which his kinsfolk sent him, continued to say that he was still mad, but with lucid intervals; and that the greatest wrong of his misfortune was his much wealth; since his enemies, in order to enjoy it, judged ill of him, and doubted of the mercy of our Lord in having restored him from a beast to a man; finally, he conversed after such sort that he made the superior to be suspected, his kinsfolk to be esteemed as covetous and merciless, and himself to be so discreet that the chaplain resolved to carry him away with him, that the archbishop might see him, and himself

be satisfied of the truth of that business. The good chaplain, possessed of this gracious faith, begged the superior that the clothes in which the madman had come as a licentiate might be given up to him. The superior again reminded him to look well to what he did, for, without any doubt, the licentiate was still mad. But these precautions and monitions of the superior availed nothing with the chaplain, who was bent on carrying him away. The superior, seeing that this was by the archbishop's order, obeyed. They gave the licentiate his clothes, which were new and handsome; and when he found himself dressed as a man of sense, and stripped as an idiot, he entreated the chaplain for pity to allow him to go and say good-bye to his companions, the madmen. The chaplain said that he would go with him and see the madmen who were in the house. So they went up, and with them some persons who were present. The licentiate came to a cage where was a staring madman, although at that time he was calm and quiet, and he said to him—

““Brother mine, can I do aught for you? I am going home; God has been pleased of his infinite goodness and mercy, without desert of mine, to restore me to my mind. I am now sound and well, for to the power of God nothing is impossible. Put thy hope and trust in him; for since he hath restored me to my first estate, so also will he restore thee, if thou confide in him. I will take care to send thee some

good things to eat, and be thou sure to eat them; for I would have thee know that, to my seeming, as one who has suffered the same, all our lunacies come from having our stomachs empty and our brains full of air. Courage, courage; to be dejected in misfortune impoverishes the health and hastens death."

"To all these arguments of the licentiate there listened another madman in another cage, which was in front of the raving one; and raising himself from an old mat where he was stretched, stark naked, he demanded who it was that was going away sound and sane.

"The licentiate answered, "I am he, brother, who is going; I need stay here no longer; for which I give infinite thanks to Heaven for the great mercy it hath wrought for me."

"Look thou what thou sayest, doctor; be not deceived of the devil," answered the madman; "stay thy foot; keep quiet in the house, and spare thyself the pains of going and coming back."

"I know that I am well," answered the licentiate, "and shall have no more need to walk the holy stations."

"Thou well?" said the madman. "We shall see. God be wi' ye! But I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on the earth, that solely for this sin which this day Seville commits in taking thee from this house, and holding thee as sane, I will work on it such a chastening that the memory of it shall

endure for ever and ever, Amen. Dost thou not know, little doctor without brains, that I can do this? For, as I tell thee, I am Jupiter Tonans, that hold in my hands the fiery bolts with which I can, and do use to, threaten and destroy the world. But with one only plague do I wish to smite this ignorant town; and it is that it shall not rain in it, nor in the whole of its district and confines, for three whole years, to count beforehand from the day and hour in which this threat hath been made. Thou free? thou cured? thou sane? and I mad, and I distracted, and I bound? I will rain as much as I think of hanging me!"

"All the bystanders gave attention to the cries and ravings of the madman. But our licentiate, turning to our chaplain, and taking him by both hands, said—

"Be not your worship afraid, nor take any notice, of what this madman has said; for if he be Jupiter, and will give no rain, I, who am Neptune, father and god of waters, will rain as many times as I will, and as often as it is necessary."

"To which the chaplain answered, "For all that, Sir Neptune, it will not be well to anger Sir Jupiter. Remain here, your worship, another day in the house; at a more convenient season we will call for you."

"The superior and those who were present laughed, for which laughter the chaplain was half ashamed. They undressed the licentiate, who remained in the house; and so endeth the story."

“‘So this is the story, master barber,’ exclaimed Don Quixote, ‘which, because it comes so pat, you could not help telling? Ah, sir shavist, sir shavist! he must indeed be blind who cannot see through the meshes of a sieve; and is it possible that your worship doth not know that comparisons which are made of genius with genius, of valour with valour, of beauty with beauty, of lineage with lineage, are always odious and ill received? I, sir barber, am not Neptune, god of waters, nor procure that any esteem me wise, not being so; I labour only to make the world know the error in which it stands, in not restoring to it the happy time when the order of knight-errantry was glorious within it. But this depraved age of ours is not worthy to rejoice in so great a good as rejoiced the ages when knights-errant took in charge, and on their own shoulders, the defence of kingdoms, the protection of maidens, the succour of orphans and the young, the chastening of the proud, and the reward of the lowly. The most of the knights of our time rustle rather in damasks and brocade than armed mail; there is now no knight that sleeps in fields, subject to the rigour of the sky, armed in all his armour from head to foot; there is no one now who, without releasing his feet from the stirrups, resting on his lance, takes sleep when he can, as they say, as did the knights-errant; nor is there one who, sallying from the forest, ascends some range of hills, and from thence traverses a barren and desert shore of

the sea, which at most times is stormy and disturbed, and finding on its brink a small boat, without oars, sail, mast, or tackle, with intrepid heart throws himself into it, yielding himself to the implacable waves of the profound deep, which now lift him to heaven and now sink him to hell, and he opposing his breast to the irresistible hurricane, when he least thinks, finds himself three thousand and more leagues distant from the place where he embarked, and leaping on land remote and unknown, there happen to him things worthy to be written, not on parchments, but in brass. But now sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over courage, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and shone in golden ages and among knights-errant. If this be not so, tell me, who was more pure and more valiant than the famous Amadis of Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more moderate and free than Tirante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who received and gave more cuts than Don Belianis? who more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who of more enterprise than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? Or who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte, or more prudent than King Sobrino? who more hardy than Reynaldos? who more invincible than Roldan? and who more great of soul and courteous than Rugero, from whom the Dukes

of Ferrara of to-day descend, according to Turpin in his *Cosmography*? All these knights, and many more that I might name, sir priest, were knights-errant, the light and glory of chivalry. Of these, or such as these, I would make my selection, which being done, his Majesty would find himself well served at much saving of cost, and the Turk be left pulling his beard; and with this I must stay in my own house, since the chaplain does not take me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I who will rain whenever it pleaseth me. I say this that master basin may know that he is understood.'

"'In sooth, sir Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'I meant no ill in what I said. As God shall help me, my intention was good, and your worship ought not to be aggrieved.'

"'Whether I be aggrieved or not,' answered Don Quixote, 'is best known to myself.'

"On this the priest said, 'I have scarcely spoken a word until now, and I would free me of a scruple which begnaws and frets my conscience, born of that which sir Don Quixote hath now said.'

"'For greater things,' answered Don Quixote, 'hath the worshipful priest licence; and thus he may tell his scruple, for it is no pleasure to have a pricking conscience.'

"'With this grace, then,' said the priest, 'I declare that my scruple is that I cannot persuade me in any manner that the great swarm of knights-errant whom

your worship sir Don Quixote hath named, were ever true and real persons of flesh and blood living in this world ; much rather do I imagine that all is fiction, fable, and a lie—dreams told by waking men, or, better said, men half asleep.’

“ ‘ Many,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘ have fallen into this error of not believing that such knights have ever been in the world ; and many times, with divers people and on divers occasions, I have desired to bring this almost common deceit to the light of truth ; but sometimes I have failed in my intent, at others succeeded well, laying it on the shoulders of truth. Which truth is so manifest, that I could be tempted to say that mine own eyes have seen Amadis of Gaul, who was a man tall of stature, fair of face, the beard well set, but black, of aspect between sweet and stern, of few words, slow of anger, and quick to depose wrath. And after the manner in which I have described Amadis, I might, to my seeming, paint and describe all as many knights-errant as are errant in the histories of this orb ; for, by the apprehension which I have of them by what their histories rehearse, and by the deeds they wrought and the qualities they held, one might by good philosophy draw their features, their colours, and stature.’

“ ‘ How big might it seem to your worship, my dear Don Quixote, that the giant Morgante was ?’ asked the barber.

“ ‘ In the matter of giants,’ answered Don Quixote,

‘there are different opinions of their having been in the world; but the Holy Scripture, which cannot fail an atom of the truth, shows us that there were such, recounting to us the history of that Philistine of a Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half of stature, which is an immeasurable bigness. Also, there have been found, in the island of Sicily, shin and shoulder bones so big, that their size manifestly shows their owners to have been giants, and as great as great towers, the truth of which geometry will place beyond doubt. But with all this I cannot say exactly what was Morgante’s size; but I imagine that he could not be very tall, and I am moved to this opinion by finding in history, where particular mention is made of his exploits, that oftentimes he slept under a roof; and for finding a house which could hold him, it is clear that he was not immeasurably great.”

“‘That is so,’ said the priest, who, amused to hear him talk so absurd and reasonless, asked him what faces he deemed would most become Reynaldos de Montalban, and Don Roldan, and the rest of the Twelve Peers of France, for they had all been knights-errant.

“‘Don Reynaldos,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘I dare affirm, was broad of face, of a bright reddish colour, with bright and dancing eyes, pompous, choleric in extreme, a friend of thieves and profligates. Of Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando—for by all these names is he called in the histories—it is my opinion, and I

assert it, that he was of middle stature, of broad shoulders, somewhat bow-legged, of brown face and red beard, hairy body, and threatening aspect, short in speech, but very courteous and of gentle breeding.'

"'If Roldan,' replied the priest, 'was no finer or sweeter man than your worship says, it is no wonder that the lady Angelica the Fair held him in disdain, and forsook him for the grace, spirit, and gallantry of the downy-chinned little Moor, to whom she gave herself; and that she was wise in her love rather for the softness of Medoro than the roughness of Roldan.'

"'That Angelica, master priest,' answered Don Quixote, 'was a light maiden, gadding and fickle, and left the world as full of her impudency as of the fame of her beauty. She scorned a thousand nobles, a thousand valiant and a thousand wise, and was content with a pretty knavish page, who had no other estate or name than the kindness he kept for his friend could give him. The great singer of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring or not wishing to sing of his lady after her vile intrigue, the matter not being extremely honest, left her abruptly at the words—

And how was won the sceptre of Cathay
Another bard may sing in loftier lay.

And, in sooth, this was a sort of prophecy, for poets are called *vates*, which is to say diviners; and you may clearly see the truth of this, for since then a famous poet of Andalucia bewept and sang her *Tears*, and

another famous and sublime Castilian poet sang her beauty.'

" 'Tell me, sir Don Quixote,' said the barber, 'did no poet write some satire on this lady Angelica, among so many who wrote in her praise?'

" 'I can well believe,' answered Don Quixote, 'that if Sacripante or Roldan had been poets, they would have reprimanded her well; for it is fitting and natural to poets, disdained by or not admitted to those who were their feigned or not feigned dames (in fact, by those fair ones whom they selected as queens of their fancy), to avenge themselves by keen satires and gibes—a vengeance, for certain, unworthy of generous breasts. But, until now, I have not heard of any foul-spoken verse against the lady Angelica, who turned the world upside down.'

" 'A miracle!' quoth the priest."

Here every line speaks for itself; the reader can have no doubt that he is in the presence of the greatest monomaniac that the world ever saw, nor will he fail to acknowledge that not till now did he know how wonderful is the genius of the prose poet who created him.

In the next chapter our maniac passes through the excitement of finding himself famous by appearing as the principal hero in the book—a book of such startling sensations that it was in everybody's hands on the very day it was published. These amazing and exciting tidings were told to Don Quixote by Sampson Car-

rasco, a bachelor of Salamanca, a young man small in stature, but great in jest, and of very excellent wit.

“‘So, then,’ said Don Quixote to him, ‘it is true that there is a history of me?’

“‘It is so true,’ said Sampson, ‘that I’ll be bound for it there are at this hour twelve thousand volumes of that history now in print.’”

The manner in which Sampson Carrasco fools Don Quixote to the top of his bent is set forth with great humour in these early chapters, especially the seventh, where we read that

“Sampson came, the famous jester, and embracing him as at the first, with his voice raised he said, ‘O flower of knight-errantry! O dazzling light of arms! O honour and mirror of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God, of his great mercy, that the person or persons who shall put any impediment or obstruction in the way of thy third sally, may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever achieve their evil wish;’ and turning to the housekeeper, he said, ‘No more need you, mistress, say the prayer of St. Apollonia: I know that it is exactly determined of the spheres that Don Quixote returns to carry out his high and newborn thoughts; and I should much burden my conscience if I did not intimate to him and persuade this knight how that he should no longer timidly hold detained the force of his valiant arm and the goodness of his most valiant soul, for that by this delay he defrauds the wronged of

their rights, orphans of protection, maidens of honour, widows of mercy, the married of their prop, and other things of this kind which touch, pertain, and are annexed to the order of knight-errantry. Up, sir Don Quixote, beautiful and brave! to-day, rather than to-morrow, put yourself and your grandeur in array; and if anything be lacking to give it play, here am I to supply it with my person and my purse, and if it be needful to go and serve your magnificence as squire, I shall esteem it a singular grace so to serve you.'"

Many and notable things occur, which must not detain us. We then reach Chapter XV., where is unfolded to us the merciful intention of Sampson Carrasco. This is he whom Cervantes makes the instrument of developing still more the madness of the Don, while at the same time he designs to work his cure. Sampson dresses himself up in armour, makes himself as much like a knight as possible, mounts his horse, takes with him a squire, and feels quite certain that the challenge he intends to make to Don Quixote will be accepted; that they will fight, the Don will be overthrown, and then the cure of his madness will begin.

"The history then rehearses that when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco counselled Don Quixote to prosecute his suspended chivalries, he had first of all held a council with the priest and the barber on the measures to be taken to bring Don Quixote to stay at home in peace and quietness, and not allow his ill-

sought adventures to disturb him; at which council it was concluded, by the vote of all in common and the opinion of the bachelor in particular, that Don Quixote should once more afield, since it was impossible to stay him, and that Sampson should take the road as a knight-errant, engage with him in battle—there would be no lack of occasion—and overcome him, which would be a thing easy to do, and that there should be pact and covenant that the conquered should remain at the mercy of the conqueror; and so, Don Quixote being conquered, the bachelor knight should command him to return to his village and his home, and not sally from thence in two years, or until he should give him fresh order: with which it was clear that Don Quixote, being overcome, would indubitably comply, so as not to contravene or break the laws of chivalry; and it might be that in the time of his seclusion he would forget his vanities, or occasion might arise to procure some sufficient remedy for the humour of his madness.”

But it happened just the other way. Instead of Sampson overthrowing the Don, the Don overthrew Sampson.

And what followed? The madness of our great hero is increased, as is the case with all kinds of madness when tampered with by quacks.

In extreme gladness, arrogance, and vain-glory, Don Quixote went on his way, “imagining himself, for the late victory, to be the most valiant knight-errant

which the world possessed in that age. He held for finished and brought to a happy end all the adventures which from that time forthward could happen to him; he cared not now for enchantments or wizards; he lost all recollection of the innumerable cudgellings which he had received in the discourse of his chivalries, and of the stoning which had broken half his teeth, and of the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, and of the daring and the storm of staves of the Yanguesians."

He is now, in his own words, ready to cope with Satan himself in person. "The waggon with the flags came up, with which there came no other people than the waggoner with the mules, and a man seated in front. Don Quixote set himself before them, and said—

"‘Whither go ye, brethren? what waggon is this? what carry ye in it? and what flags be these?’

"To which the driver answered, ‘The waggon is mine; that which it holds are two wild and caged lions, which the general of Oran sends to court as presents to his Majesty; the flags are those of the king our lord, and are a sign to show that here goes something of his.’

"‘Be they great lions?’ inquired Don Quixote.

"‘So large are they,’ said the man who guarded the door of the cage, ‘that larger, nor any so large, have never passed from Africa to Spain. I am the keeper, and have conveyed others, but never such as

these. They are male and female ; the male is in this first cage, and the female in the one behind. They are at present hungry, not having eaten to-day ; so that your worship will please move out of the way, for we must hasten to the place where we are to give them their food.'

"To which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said, 'Whelps of lions to me? What to me are lion's whelps, and at this time of day? Well, by God! the gentry who sent them hither shall see whether I am a man to be frightened of lions. Alight, good man; and if thou be their keeper, open these cages and turn on me these beasts, and in the middle of this field I will make them know who is Don Quixote de la Mancha, in despite and contempt of the enchanters who have sent me them.' . . .

"The driver, seeing the determination of that armed phantom, said, 'Good your worship, for the sake of charity, let me unyoke the mules, and put me with them in safety before letting loose the lions; for, if the mules be killed, I shall be ruined for the rest of my days, for I have no other way of living but by them and this waggon.'

"'O man of little faith,' said Don Quixote, 'alight and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, and thou shalt quickly see that thou hast laboured in vain, and mightest have saved thyself this trouble.'

"The driver alighted and unyoked in great haste. . . .

“Here it should be noted that the author, coming to this point of this faithful history, exclaims and says, ‘O impregnable and, beyond all amplitude, courageous Don Quixote de la Mancha! glass in which all valiant men of the world may see themselves, second and novel Don Manuel de Leon, the glory and honour of Spanish knights! in what words shall I rehearse this portentous feat, or by what arguments make it credible to coming ages? Or what praises shall not become and square with thee, albeit they be, of all hyperboles, hyperbolical? Thou on foot, thou alone, thou intrepid, thou magnanimous, with one single sword, and that not one of the sharpness of those with the little dog-mark, with a shield not of bright and shining steel, art on guard awaiting the two most fierce lions which the forests of Africa ever bred. Let thine own deeds weave thee praise, valorous Manchegan, for here at this point will I leave thee for lack of words to amplify them.’

“Here the author broke off the aforesaid exclamation, and proceeds to take up the thread of the history, saying:—

“The keeper now seeing Don Quixote fixed in that pose, and that he must perforce let loose the male lion on pain of falling in the misfortune of the daring knight’s wrathful indignation, threw wide open the doors of the first cage, where was, as has been said, the male lion, of extraordinary bigness and fearful and grisly aspect. The first thing which he did was to

turn himself in the cage into which he had been thrown, reach out a paw, and stretch himself; then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely, and with almost two palms of tongue which he drew out, he licked the dust from his eyes and washed his face. This done, he thrust his head outside the cage, and looked around on all sides with flaming eyes—sight and attitude enough to strike temerity itself with terror.

“Don Quixote only carefully watched him, wishing that he would leap from the waggon and take him in his paws, between which he thought to cut him to pieces. At this point he reached the top of his never-imagined madness; but the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, careless of childishness and bravado, after having looked around him, as has been said, turned round and showed his hinder parts to Don Quixote, and, with great coolness and quiet, again lay down in the cage.

“Don Quixote, seeing this, ordered the keeper to stir him up with blows, and irritate him to make him come out.

“‘That I will not do,’ said the keeper, ‘because if I provoke him, the first to be torn in pieces would be myself. Content you, sir, with what you have done, which is all that it is possible to say in the article of courage, and think not to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has before him an open door: to come forth, or not come forth, rests with him; but as he has not yet come out, come out he will not for the whole

of the day. Your worship's greatness of heart has already been declared: no brave combatant, to my thinking, is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy and await him afield; and if his antagonist come not, on him rests the infamy, and he who awaits him gains the crown of victory.'

"'That is true,' answered Don Quixote. 'Close the door, friend, and give me a writing, in the best form thou art able, of what thou has there seen me do: to wit, thou didst open to the lion; I awaited him; he came not; I continued to await him; he continued to delay, and turned tail and laid him down. I am bound for no more; to the devil with enchanters, and God aid right, truth, and true chivalry. Shut the door, as I have ordered, while I signal to them that have fled, and the absent, that they may know of this exploit from thy lips.'

"The keeper did so."

This was the topmost point and highest degree which the courage of Don Quixote could ever reach. He becomes an altered being. His eloquence is more lofty; his ambition takes more distinct shape.

In short, he is more mad than ever. Till at last Sampson Carrasco, this time mounted on a better horse than the first, goes again in search of him.

And "one morning, as Don Quixote went forth for a trot on the strand, armed in complete steel—for, as he often said,

My ornaments are arms, my only rest the fight,

and therefore he never cared to appear in other dress—he saw a knight coming towards him, armed like himself from top to toe, and bearing on his shield the device of a silver moon. On coming within earshot, in a loud voice, directing his speech to Don Quixote, he said—

“‘Illustrious knight, and never-enough-lauded Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the Silver Moon, whose unheard-of exploits have perhaps brought him to thy notice, and am come to contend with thee, and to prove the strength of thine arms, and to make thee know and confess that my lady, be she whom she may, is, without compare, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso; which truth if thou shalt straight confess, fully and freely, thou shalt save thy life, and me the trouble of taking it from thee: and if thou wilt fight, and I overthrow thee, I demand no other satisfaction than that thou shalt forsake arms, and, renouncing the search for adventures, shalt retire and hie thee home for the space of a year, where thou shalt live in peace and profitable quiet, without laying hand to thy sword, for such doth thy estate need, and so shall it prove thy soul’s salvation; and if thou shalt conquer me, my head will remain at thy discretion, and the spoils of my horse and arms shall be thine, and the fame of my exploits shall pass from me to thee. Consider what is best for thee, and answer me at once; for on this day must this business be despatched.’

“Don Quixote was astonished and amazed, as much for the arrogance of the Knight of the Silver Moon as at the cause for which he challenged him; and with calm, but severe, *mièn* he answered, ‘Knight of the Silver Moon, whose exploits up till now have not come beneath my notice, I dare be sworn that never hast thou seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, hadst thou seen her, full well I know that thou wouldst never have put thyself in this demand, for the sight of her should have undeceived thee to confess that there never was, nor could be, a beauty which could vie with hers. And therefore, not to say that thou liest, but only that thou art grievously in error, with the conditions thou hast named I accept thy challenge, and at once, for that thy limited day shall not pass: with one exception in thy conditions, that the fame of thy exploits shall pass to me, for I know nothing of them, or of their kind; I am content with mine own, such as they are. Choose you what part of the field liketh you best, I will do the same; and she whom God shall give thee may St. Peter bless.’”

And so it was all over. This time reality is stronger than fancy; reason and common sense come in conflict with unrealities, and Don Quixote recovers his senses. Being no longer mad, he ceases to be a cause of laughter to all who have never known any form of madness for themselves.

Finally, Don Quixote is not the only madman whose infirmity Cervantes describe. Chrysostom goes mad

for love, and commits suicide. Anselmo is unquestionably mad. So also is the unhappy and wronged Cardenio, who, being robbed of his human love, loses his love of God; but, recovering her whom he believed to have lost for ever, his reason returns, and with it the purest happiness that can fall to the lot of man. With such mastery are the details given of these varied and various forms of madness, that there is no longer room for question that Cervantes had carefully given his penetrating mind to its investigation to show us—

- i. That it is easy for the best of men to go mad;
- ii. That it is easy to aggravate the disease by the application of inappropriate remedies;

And, lastly, that even for those who are wilfully mad, healing is possible if the right remedy be applied with knowledge and skill.

Who was the author of this classic of the world?

The answer is given by the Royal Academy of Spain exactly one hundred years ago to-day.

“This illustrious writer,” they say, “worthy of a better age, and who merited all the recompense due to courage, to virtue and ability, lived poor, despised, and wretched in the midst of that nation which in peace he enlightened by his works, and to whose victories in war he contributed his blood.” And they confess that they do not know where his bones at present lie, which leads the academicians to declare that “the contemporaries of Cervantes, who hated or persecuted

him while living, also treated his memory with equal injustice."

That is the epitaph of Spain in the last days of the sixteenth century ; or, if one may so say, the flame of an avenging fire, by whose glare may be clearly seen some of the things which the fools of that time had no relish for, and who were so wicked that they abounded

In the division of each several crime,
Acting it in many ways,

and who poured "the sweet milk of concord into hell;" or it may be the confession extorted by Time from a people who slew the prophet that was sent unto them ; whilst it is most certainly the eternal witness to the nature of the prophet's message, to its meaning, and to the calm courage with which it was delivered.

I conclude with the English of the words which Cervantes put into the mouth of one of his own dogs ; which were meant for the critics of his day, and are equally at the service of those of the same tribe of this—"Brute though I am, I see that with every two or three things I say, words come to my tongue like flies to wine, and are all fangs of malice and detraction. For which cause I repeat that the doing and saying of evil we inherit from our first parents, and suck it in with our mother's milk."—*The Dogs of Mahudes*.

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